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Med 113a

Prologue by Dryden

Headline planned

Lee

Cæsar Borgia;

SON OF

Pope Alexander

THE

SIXTH:

A

TRAGEDY

Acted at the

Duke's Theatre

BY

Their Royal Highnesses Servants.

Written by *NAT. LEE.*

LONDON:

Printed by *R. E.* for *R. Bentley*, and *M. Magnes*, in *Russel-Street* in *Covent-Garden*, near the *Piazza*. 1680.

R-BPR3540.A62 1680

To the Right Honourable *PHILIP*, Earl of *PEMBROKE*, and *MONGOMERY*, &c.

My Lord;

WHen an Universal Consternation spreads through the Kingdom, and the peace which every man enjoys becomes dreadful to him; when mens minds in this dead calm of State are as busie, as 'tis fear'd, the hands of some wou'd be in the Tempest of a Battel, to see a Poet plotting in his Chamber quite another way, painting fast as vigorous Fancy can inspire him, drawing the past World, the present, and to come, in a narrow space, is an Image not unworthy a grave man's Contemplation. It is the business of poor Poets to be the diversion of mankind; pleasure is their being, and entertainment their subsistent, I think I may call 'em the Mistresses of the World; which if granted, I am sure 'tis easie to prove their Gallants very brutish, for they generally loath them as soon as they are enjoy'd: The best of 'em come under the severest lash of the greatest men; nay, the least will be shooting their Bolts, and when the Mastiffs worry 'em, the little Curs will be barking; the whole World censures,

and ev'ry daring Poet that comes forth, must expect to be like the *Almanack* Hero, all over wounds. For my own part, I have been so harshly handl'd by some of 'em, that my courage quite fail'd me; nor wou'd I now appear in print, but under the Protection and Patronage of your Lordship. Your Illustrious Forefathers, and indeed all your Eminent Relations, have always been of the First-rate Nobility, Patrons of Wit and Arms, magnificently brave, true old-stampt *Brittains*, and ever foremost in the Race of Glory. Not to unravel half your Honourable Records, I challenge all the men of Fame to show an Equal to the Immortal *Sidney*, ev'n when so many contemporary Worthies flouriſh'd, I mean Sir *Philip*, the name still of your Lordship, true Rival of your Honour, one that cou'd match your Spirit, so most extravagantly great, that he refus'd to be a King. He was at once a *Cæsar* and a *Virgil*, the leading Souldier, and the foremost Poet, all after this must fail: I have paid just Veneration to his Name, and methinks the Spirit of *Shakespear* push'd the commendation; let *Shakespear* then, who made his own, give him his Epitaph.

Reader, for Jesus sake forbear,
To stir the Dust inclosed here:
Blest be the Man that spares these Stones,
And curst be he that moves my Bones.

That

That there are in your Lordship all these Excellent Grains which made this Perfect Man, I think my self bound by reason to tell the World, which on my Conscience, and with all the Asseverations that an honest man shou'd make, has done you wrong. I must acknowledge, that your boiling Youth has made great Salleys; and so did *Alexander*, and our Great Fifth *Henry*: Your Spirit complains, as *Alexander*'s did, for Action, who grudg'd his Fathers Conquests, as if his Soul was pent, and wanted Elbow-room, resolv'd to go abroad o're Walls, if not through Doors; and men of Sense laugh at your precise Fellow, your *Cynick* in a Tub, who thwarts the course of Nature, and is never pleas'd, but when he sees grey Hairs upon a young Head. If to be truly Valiant, ev'n in cold Blood, Magnificent as the old Nobility, infinitely Charitable, modest as Humility it self, the fastest Friend upon Earth, where your Lordship is pleas'd to fix the Honour; if these Ingredients can compound one admirable Man, then may your Lordship stand forth a Monument of lasting Honour. Perhaps for this I shall incur the notion of a Flatterer; Flattery indeed is a Catholick ill, it passes through the World, and suits with all Complexions: 'Tis an insinuating Poyson, a *Jesuit*'s Powder, which seems to intend the Cure of the Disease it promotes: But if ought I have said, of so good a Subject as your Lordship, be false, may all my Writings be despis'd, and vile to view, as common

Whores

Whores in Boxes, or damn'd Actors in a good Play. Your Lordships Great Uncle shone upon the mighty *Ben.* with a full Favour, though my best Merits are not the ten thousand part of his smallest labours; yet I doubt not but your Lordships infinite goodness will accept of my honest intentions, which to your Lordships service shall ever be humbly offer'd,

By my Lord,

Your Lordships most Humble and

Obedient Servant,

NAT. LEE.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

TH' unhappy man, who once has trail'd a Pen,
Lives not to pleaſe himſelf but other men:
Is always drudging, waſts his Life and Blood,
Yet only eats and drinks what you think good:
What praiſe ſoe're the Poetry deſerve,
Yet every Fool can bid the Poet ſtarve:
That fumbling Lecher to revenge is bent,
Becauſe he thinks himſelf or Whore is meant:
Name but a Cuckold, all the City ſwarms,
From Leaden-hall *to* Ludgate *is in Arms.*
Were there no fear of Antichriſt *or* France,
In the beſt times poor Poets live by chance.
Either you come not here, or as you grace
Some old acquaintance, drop into the place,
Careleſs and qualmiſh with a yawning Face.
You ſleep o're Wit, and by my troth you may,
Moſt of your Talents lye another way.
You love to hear of ſome prodigious Tale,
The Bell that toll'd alone, or Iriſh *Whale.*
News is your Food, and you enough provide,
Both for your ſelves and all the VVorld beſide.
One Theatre there is of vaſt reſort,
VVhich whilome of Requeſts was call'd the Court.
But now the great Exchange *of News 'tis hight,*
And full of hum and buzz from Noon till Night:
Up Stairs and down you run as for a Race,
And each man wears three Nations in his Face.
So big you look, tho' Claret you retrench,
That arm'd with bottled Ale, you huff the French:
But all your Entertainment ſtill is fed
By Villains, in our own dull Iſland bred:
VVould you return to us, we dare engage
To ſhow better Rogues upon the Stage:
You know no Poiſon but plain Rats-bane here,
Death's more refind, and better bred elſewhere.
They have a civil way in Italy
By ſmelling a perfume to make you dye,
A Trick would make you lay your Snuff-box by.
Murder's a Trade——ſo known and practis'd there,
That 'tis Infallible as is the Chair——
But mark their Feaſts, you ſhall behold ſuch Pranks,
The Pope ſays Grace, but 'tis the Devil gives Thanks.

Dram;

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Cæſar Borgia, *Palante*, Duke of *Gandia*.	Sons of *Alexander* the Sixth.	*Mr. Betterton.* *Mr. Williams.*
Machiavel,	Secretary of *Florence.*	*Mr. Smith.*
Paul Orſino,	Head of the Factions againſt *Borgia.*	*Mr. Gillow.*
Aſcanio Sforza,	A Buffoon Cardinal.	*Mr. Lee.*
Vitellozzo,	Chief of the *Vitelli.*	
Enna,		
Ange,		
Cardinals, &c.		
Bellamira,	Daughter of *Orſino.*	*Mrs. Lee.*
Adorna,	Her Kinſwoman and Confident.	*Mrs. Price.*
Attendants, *&c.*		

The Scene ROME.

Cæsar Borgia.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Scene is a Chamber of State, at distance are discovered little American *Boys with Boxes of Jewels in their hands; on each side of the Stage, from the flat Scene to the Chamber, long* Indian *Screnes are spread at their full length.*

Enter Alonzo, *and* Don Michael.

D. Mich. ARE these the Presents, say'st thou, of the late
New Cardinal *Ascanio Sforza?*
Alonz. They are; he offers thus to *Machiavel*,
And thinks that Gold may bribe him to betray
The Duke *Valentinois*. But, *Michael*, tell me
What does the World report of this Creation,
Does it not rail, and grin, and bite the Pope?
D. Mich. Has it not Reason? For, betwixt our selves,
Would any man in his high Dignity
So vilely sell the Glories of the Church?
Twelve Cardinals at once created!
Ascanio first, because he bids him most:
A fine effeminate Villain, bred in Brothels,
Senseless, illiterate, the Jear of *Rome*,
A blot to the whole See! One fitter far
For Hospitals, that paints and patches up
A wretched Carkass worried in the Stews.
But, see! the gaudy Pageant moves this way:
How spruce he looks! and with a Pocket-Glass
Surveys the gloating Image.
Alonz. All Luxury:
I heard, the night succeeding his Creation,
That he got drunk, and kiss'd the Prelates round
For joy——But, see he comes; retire and leave me. [*Ex.* D. Mich.

Enter

Enter Aſcanio Sforza.

Aſcan. Well, *Borgia*, well! if I am not reveng'd!
Was there none elſe in *Rome*, but *Bellamira*?
Ah *Bella*, *Bella*, *Bella*, *Bella*, *Bellamira!*
I ſaw her firſt at Maſs, as I remember;
Cherub'n and Seraphin were nothing to her:
Oh ſuch a skin-full of alluring fleſh!
Ah, ſuch a ruddy, moiſt, and pouting Lip;
Such Dimples, and ſuch Eyes! ſuch melting Eyes,
Blacker than Sloes, and yet they ſparkl'd fire,
Then ſuch a way ſhe had to roul 'em round;
As thus, and thus——a thouſand amorous ways;
And wink and gloat, and turn 'em to the corners——
Alonz. My Noble Lord!
Aſcan. My dear, my dear *Alonzo*!
Nay, let me greet thee: 'twas the Fathers Cuſtom.
But tell me, lovely, dear *Alonzo*, tell me:
Thou haſt the ſofteſt fine Complexion for
A Lover; beſt take heed of walking late:
Tell me I ſay, or I will pinch thy Cheek?
Moves he this way, or does he teem alone
With ſome ſtate Birth? if ſo, I'll wait agen.
Alonz. Whom does your Eminence intend?
Aſcan. Thy Lord:
Whom ſhould I mean, intend, or think of elſe?
Thy Lord and mine. Well he's an Oracle! intend!
Why man I dream of nothing elſe!
Alonz. But Wenches.
Aſcan. O, *Machiavel*! there, there's a word, aſound,
An Air, a blaſt, a Thunder-clap of wit,
To rowſe our Foggy thick ſcul'd Cardinals:
I'll ſay no more; Would he were *Pope*,
Head of the Chriſtian world, and I his Engine,
His particular member, to bring, to caſt,
To throw, diſperſe, convey the warmeſt
Sprinklings of his benediction.
Alonz. My Lord I humbly offer'd your Addreſs,
While with an eye, ſwift as the Sun and piercing,
He ran your Letter o're: and ſure it ſtirr'd him;
For ſtrait he turn'd, and darting me, he ask'd
If the great Cardinal, meaning you, my Lord,
Which ſhews the deep reſpect he bears your perſon,

Knew

Knew not that *Borgia* was his beſt of Friends.
Borgia, he cry'd again, to whom the Lords
Of *Florence* ſent me their Ambaſſadour
With promis'd aid againſt the Rebel *Orſins*.
Aſcan. Has he receiv'd——ſtay, I ſay, has he? here.
Open thy Fiſt, now gripe me faſt, and tell me.
Alonz. I durſt not name your Preſents;
But, bowing, ſoon retir'd, and plac'd 'em here,
That as he follows, he may view at once
All your Magnificence——if ought of Earth
His temper holds, this lightning will diſſolve it:
But ſee! He comes; be pleas'd, Sir, to retire,
And you ſhall hear the Zeal with which I ſerve you.

Enter Machiavel.

Mach. Thus have I drawn the platform of their Fates;
As oft I have beheld, by Maſters hands,
A Tale in painting admirably told;
Here a ſoft *Dido* ſtabb'd into the breſt,
A Hero there thrown headlong from a Window,
To meet her Lover wrack'd upon the Shore:
So have I form'd in more than Braſs or Marble,
The Deaths of thoſe whom I intend to huſh.
O, *Cæſar Borgia!* ſuch a Name and Nature!
That is my ſecond ſelf; a *Machiavel*!
A Prince! who, by the vigor of this brain,
Shall riſe to the old height of *Roman* Tyrants.
Alonz. He deeply thinks; nor dare I interrupt him,
Till he comes forward.
Aſcan. Peace, and give him way——Oh ſuch a Head-piece!
Mach. In all my ſtrict enquiries, all the humors
Which I have drain'd with more then Chymiſts pains,
I have not found a temper ſo compleat
To finiſh forth a greatneſs as my *Cæſar*'s.
Firſt; he's a Baſtard, got in a fit of Nature!
She ſhook him from her Nerves in a Convulſion;
His Father ſtampt the Bullion in a heat,
And taking from the Mint the fiery ore,
His Image bleſt, and cry'd, it is my own.
Yet more, a Prieſt begot him, and 'tis thought
That Earth is more oblig'd to Prieſts for Bodies,
Than Heav'n for Souls! nay, and a young Prieſt too,
Perhaps in the Embraces of a Nun,
Who ventur'd life to claſp the luſty joy.

Aſcan. Oh, if a man could but hear him now! Brain, all brain;
Alas, *Alonzo*, we are ſtuff to him——
Meer Entrails, but the Guts of Government,
Nothing to him——hark——he goes on——
Mach. Why, what a ſtart of Nature is this man
Whom by Ambition, not by Love I'll raiſe?
Therefore *Aſcanio*'s new golden World,
I gravely take, for ruine to the Bride,
To her old doting Father, Brothers, Uncles,
And the whole race of *Orſin* and *Vitelli*
Is fixt by Fate and me: No more! the fleeting Air
May catch the ſounds, and walls themſelves have ears.
Alonz. My Lord! the Cardinal *Aſcanio* [*coming forward and bowing.*
Is planted to your order.
Mach. Let him hear us——
Urge me no more, —— for 'tis impoſſible!
Alonz. My Lord, he thinks not ſo:
He ſayes your voice is as the mouth of Heav'n,
Stiles you a God, and in the extravagance
Of his unbounded admiration, ſwears
Nothing to you can be impoſſible.
Mach. Extravagance indeed!
Yet ſuch extravagance expreſſes love,
And merits all my thanks: and had he mention'd
Ought but the ruine of my beſt of Friends,
I would with all the Wings of expedition
Have ſhot through 1000 bars to do him ſervice.
Alonz. My Lord! he does not hint at *Borgia*'s ruine.
Mach. Does he not wiſh that I ſhould break the Nuptials?
'Tis ſure the marriage I at firſt diſlik'd;
I pierc'd the Charmer with a narrow eye,
And found how Wit and beauty threatn'd in her,
With all the ſubtleſt graces, that might lull
Stubborn ambition to inglorious reſt:
But love already had perform'd his part,
And laid the Warring *Borgia* at her Feet,
How then ſhould I oppoſe his firſt Enjoyment,
Who was his Legate and ſollicited
The Parents of the beauteous *Bellamira*.
Alonz. At leaſt, Sir, for the future, lay ſome block
That may diſturb the progreſs of their loves;
And ſince you have alledg'd 'tis for his glory
This marriage were undone: ſince it is done,
Let it be hurtful in the conſequence.
Mach. Thus I ſhould prove indeed a Friend to *Florence*,

Who

Who hate *Orsino*'s Race: Nay, I should Act
The truest Part of Friendship to my *Borgia*,
Snatching this Soft'ner from his War-like Bosom,
And turning him new bent, for Arms and Glory.——
Ha! What new Scene of Gallantry is this?
Whence, and from whom comes this Magnificence?
And wherefore kneel these Offerers at my Feet?

Alonz. They are the Children of the new-found World,
The Forms of *Zemes*, call'd the *Indian* Gods.

Mach. Away with 'em, and bid 'em tell their Lord,
Machiavel's Virtue never shall be brib'd;
And for their service give 'em twenty Crowns:
But if thou darest to rob 'em of a Spangle,
You know my humour,— never see me more.

Alonz. Doubt not, my Lord, but I'll observe your humour.——
Come in, my Lord.—— I told you he would melt.
Sir, the great Cardinal. So,—— now they cringe;
What, and embrace too! Oh thou damn'd, damn'd World!
These will be heard, and make your Statesman smile,
When Orphans, Widows, and the crippled Souldiers
Are Elbow'd off, and thrust away in frowns. [Exit, *with the Boy*.

Mach. My Lord, you make me wonder! Sure you've been
In love your self with old *Orsino*'s Daughter!

Ascan. Lov'd her, my Lord! witness these falling tears!
Why do you thaw my Nature with your Questions?
Witness bright Stars! witness you golden Planets!
And all ye Woods, and all ye purling Streams;
And Birds and Flocks, and Grots, and Rocks, and Flow'rs!
Nay Sir, I tell you, she was mine betroth'd,
If I could cast my Coat, which had been done,
For nothing tickles the present Pope like Gold,
Dazles him that he weeps Indulgences,
Forgives, absolves, all for Omnipotent Gold;
Dispenses Pardons sometimes in a fury,
He sends his Bulls abroad that roar like Thunder:
When strait a golden Calm
Comes o're their backs, and then they're still as Lambs;
Why should I hold you long amongst the rest,
That saw her *Borgia*, that unlucky Bastard,
Beheld and lov'd her.— I, my Lord, was ruin'd.

Mach. My Lord, I wish the Mariage may not prosper:
He's bent to enjoy her, and in that I sooth him:
For subtly offering once to bring him off,
I found pale anger in his Face like Death,

Where-

Whereon I feign'd compliance, and have wrought
The buſineſs to a head——But let time work,
And reſt aſſur'd, that what ſo mean a man
As *Machiavel* with honour can performe,
To pay you perfect ſervice ſhall be done.
Aſcan. My Lord! farewel——when I proteſt and ſwear,
Ev'n by the Altar of fair *Bellamira*,
My life is yours: Believe I am your Servant,
Not a ſtep further by my Robe! your Captive,
Your Eminence moſt humble Creature, Servant, Slave. [*Ex.* Aſcanio.
Mach. I am ty'd for ever. [*Walking.*
No dull Buffoon! thou walking lump of Luſt;
Not to revenge thy ungorg'd appetite
Shall *Borgia* kill her; But for his own Renown:
He is my Champion-prince, *Italian* Tyrant,
Not form'd to languiſh in a Womans arms.
Oh——'tis a fault, were I ſo fram'd for greatneſs,
E're I would amble in a Female Court,
And cringe, and skip, and play the Ladies Cripple,
I would be Gibbetted i'th' Common-way,
For Crows and Daws to peck my Carrion Limbs.
But I muſt rouze him, and I'll do't by Death,
Ev'n by the bloody Death of her he doats on.

Enter Adorna.

Here's one Ingredient I muſt mix to make
The potion Death——The Wretch is deep in Love
With *Borgia*'s Brother, the young Duke of *Gandia*,
That way I make her ſure!
Ador. My Lord.
Mach. My dear *Adorna*,
How goes the marriage forward? and how treats
The gallant *Borgia*, great *Valentinois*,
Romania's Duke his fair and Virgin Bride?
Ador. The Rites are to be ſolemniz'd this morning;
Tho' *Bellamira* quite abhors the Marriage,
Who ſtill when *Borgia* humbly ſues for Love;
Anſwers him with her Tears, and pays his Vows
With Ominous weeping.
Mach. And how takes he that?
Ador. He walks and muſes deeply, ſpeaks to no man,
But *Paul Orſino*, whoſe moſt watchful wit
I fear deſcries where ſhe has lockt her heart;
With a bent brow he eyes the Duke of *Gandia*,

Salute

Salutes him not of late: He came this morning
Into her Chamber; dreadful was his action,
Unworthy of my blood, he thundred out;
But if the generous *Borgia* is refus'd;
Think not of *Gandia*, but of blood and death.
Mach. What inauspicious Chance discovered to him
A secret, which I thought conceal'd from all,
But thee and me, and those unhappy Lovers?
Ador. I cannot guess; he paus'd a while, then sigh'd;
And starting up in fury charg'd her rise:
Receive, he cry'd, receive him as a Husband
Whom the selected vertues of thy Sex
Can ne're deserve, adorn thee like a Bride,
And meet him, tho' thy Treacherous heart is Mortgag'd;
Meet him at least with well dissembled Love,
Or by my hopes, I'll wreke my anger on thee,
With all the Torments that *Italian* Fury
Could e're invent for an Adulterous Wretch:
He cry'd I will, and after make thee nothing.
Mach. Haste thee away! charm with thy utmost skill
The mourning *Bellamira*, to obey him:
The knot once ty'd, *Gandia* will soon despair.
Leave me to work him then: Millions to one
But I shall make him thine.
Ador. But did Duke of *Gandia* once protest?
Mach. Protest! He did protest, and swear, and vow.
Go go, and haste! for the day grows upon us. *Ex.* Adorna.
His Brother too! this Duke of *Gandia* bleeds;
For he is grown of late the *Romans* darling,
Warm'd in the very Bosom of the *Pope*,
And dearer than my *Borgia* to his Sister,
The famous *Lucrece*, who can charm her Father
In all the heat of Excommunications,
When he throws Bulls, like Thunderbolts about him;
She like a *Venus* to this angry *Jove*
Moves with incestuous Fires, folds her white arm
About his chafing Neck, strokes his black Beard,
And smooths his furrow'd Cheeks to dimpled smiles;
The Brothers too enjoy'd her. O Heav'n, and Earth!
Not the first day, after such infinite time
That Motion had th' irregular matter rowl'd,
When all the wandring Atoms hit at last
Into this b auteous form, even when our Sires
First mingled, was there such a loose of Nature;
Such a triumvirate of Lawless Lovers,

Such Rivals as out-do even *Lucian*'s Gods!
Ha! the *Orsini* here! and the *Vitelli!*
They move this way in murmuring *Cabals*;
Methinks Death darkens every Visage there.
'Tis so——They are no more——Or this is true,
Or *Machiavel* knows nothing of Man-kind. *Ex. Mach.*

Enter Orsino, Vitellozzo, Ascanio, Adrian, Enna, Ange, *three Cardinals.* Oliverotto, Gravina.

Vitel. I say agen, I do not like the Marriage;
Were *Bellamira* mine, I'd sell her off
For Gold, I'd merchandize her tender beauty
With Infidels, and send her to the *Turk*,
Like an *Andromada*, to gorge the Monster,
Rather than wed her to perfidious *Borgia.*
Orsin. You are too violent.
Vitel. I think not so:
A drowning man will grasp at any thing,
Nay, sink his Friend that leap'd among the Waves
To give him life: but you tho in the gulph,
Ride on to ruine, tho your Friends call out.
Ang. Nay, though they point the Whirle-pool just before you,
That would devour us all.
Adrian. Besides 'tis Impious,
Against all Right of Nature, Law of Reason,
To act the Tyrant o're a Daughters will.
Ascan. She knows the Cruelties of *Cæsar Borgia*,
Has heard his Rapes and Murders! mercy on me!
How did he use the poor *Venetian* Lady?
He forc'd her in a Wood, nay in a Ditch,
As I am credibly inform'd by those
That heard her squeak, in a Dry-Ditch deflowr'd her!
Add yet to this, my Lords; How, when the *French*,
At sacking of a Town, broke open Nunneries,
He trus's'd at least 40 the pretty'st Rogues,
The tenderst quaking things! never broke up!
All spotless Maids, like Buds ne're blown upon,
Nor touch'd even with the tip of any Finger,
And kept 'em for his Letchery.
Orsin. Methin's my Lord *Ascanio!* my Lord of *Millain*,
Or my Lord *Cardinal*, more moderation
would better fit a man of your profession?
I would not come to the old Argument,
For then we clash: *Borgia* is now my Son;

There-

Therefore I pray once more forbear to tax him;
The Theme is great and worthy that we mention,
Romania's Duke and Nephew to the Pope.
Aſcan. Prithee, old *Paul*: Prithee now ben't ſo hot:
Good Reverend Gray-beard: if you'l name his Greatneſs,
Pronounce him right, ev'n as his Holineſs
Has own'd him to the World without a bluſh,
His natural Son, his Nephew, or his By-blow, that is,
In ſhort, old *Paul*, his down right Baſtard.
Orſin. Without a bluſh: ſhould I ſtand up the Champion
Of abſent *Borgia*, and unravel thee,
I tell thee, Prieſt; thou ſcandal to the Altar,
Thy Front, thy Eyes, thy Lips, each part of thee
Would bluſh with Scarlet deeper than thy Robe.
Aſcan. Peace Dotard, peace:
I ſay old ſtuttering *Paul*, thou'lt ha' the worſt on't:
Therefore peace, peace Dotard.
Orſin. Ha!
Vitel. Forbear: my Lord, Remember!
Orſin. How dares he thus provoke me?
Who knows, yet urges me, knows in his heart
How I have pierc'd into his deepeſt thoughts,
Have had intelligence of all his Vices,
Ev'n of his cloſeſt, darkeſt Deeds of Luſt,
And dar'ſt thou call me Dotard? Saucy Churchman!
Thou that gav'ſt Whores Indulgences for Sin;
So rank, that he frequents the Common Stews;
For a new Face would give his Scarlet Coat
To make the Strumpet fine.
Oliv. My Lord, Conſider where, to whom, of whom,
And what it is you utter?
Orſin. Place me, ſome Power,
Upon Saint *Peter*'s Vane, the very Ball,
And turn my Voice to Thunder, that I may
Lay open to the World the Helliſh Acts
Of this Contagious Prelate.
Aſcan. Spit, ſpit thy Venom; nay, nay, let him out with't——
Mark how he ſhakes now; by my Holy-Dame
I have nettled him: Poor *Paul*——I pity the old Fool——
Orſin. Then Prieſt, let me demand thee,
Is not the Cupping-glaſs that burns thy Luſt,
And draws thy riſing Gall to ſuch a Bliſter,
My Daughter's ſcorn, and loathing of thy perſon?
Ha! is't not that? I think I've ſtung you, Cardinal!
Worſe than the *Neapolitan* Pox you gave

Our *Roman* Harlots ———

Ascan. Why how now, *Paul*, what dost thou grow foul
Mouth'd now? by my Holy-Dame, had I a Sword
I'd firk thee, *Orsin*———I'd so whip thee, *Paul*,
So flawg and scourge thee, thou should'st eat thy words.
The Pox! why, how now? ha! the Pox i'faith!
The Pox to me! let me come at him———hah!

Orsin. Ha! wilt thou fight?
So forward Priest! by Heav'n I'll shave your Crown;
Stand back and let me mow this Poppy off;
This rank red Weed that spoils the Churches Corn.

Vitel. Did ever fury run to such a height!
Why, my Lord Cardinal, know you this place,
And how 'tis priviledg'd?

Ascan. My Lord, I am silenc'd.
An easie Man, made up of patience, I!
No Gall in me! give me thy hand, Old *Paul*:
Henceforth w'are Friends, and as a Friend I'll tell thee,
Ev'n from my Heart, I'll tell thee what I think:
Thou art bewitch't, Old *Paul*, besotted, fool'd———
This Son-in-Law of thine has seal'd thine Eyes,
And shortly I shall see thee walk the Streets
With a Dog and a Bell———nay— prithee be not angry,
For 'tis in love: I'll tell thee of a Dotage,
And so your Servant noble *Vitellazzo*,
Ange and *Enna* yours——Farewell, my Lord,
And lastly thine whose Neck is in the Noose,
Old Woodcock, *Orsin.* [*Exit* Cardinal.

D. Gravin. I am not us'd to fear,
But yet methought *Ascanio*'s last words
Were dreadful to my Ears.

Orsin. I have engag'd
My Daughter, Life and Honour, and all my Fortunes
For the Duke's Faith, and the security
Of every person here; why should we doubt him?
Have we not seen his Labour in this matter?
Four thousand Duckets, given us down in hand,
With an assurance of our former pay;
Nay more, he binds himself not to constrain
Any one of us to appear in person
Before him, but who pleases of himself:
Therefore let me intreat you clear your Brains,
Meet all this day together at the Marriage,
And pay him, as he merits, faithful homage.

Vitel. There's something here fore-bodes, in spite of

The Muſick that he makes, a harſh Concluſion.
Orſin. For ſhame no more! the very fears of Children,
Becauſe he gives our Friends allowances,
And honours them with Charges, Governments,
Beyond their Qualities, we dread his Dealing,
And ſwear he means to draw our Faction from us.
Vitel. Henceforth ſay what you will, do what you pleaſe,
Since to your Intereſts I am link'd by Fate:
I will no more oppoſe your ſpecious Reaſons,
But inſtantly go wait upon the Duke. *Trumpets.*
Orſin. This day to add new Honours to the Marriage,
Our Son-in-law, the Duke *Valentinois*,
Receives the *Roſe* before the Conſiſtory,
A Grace which ſeldom is vouchſafed to Kings;
Indeed the greateſt which the Sacred Head
Of the whole Chriſtian World can give to Man,
The very higheſt Round of Humane Glory.

Scene *draws, and ſhews the Conſiſtory*: Borgia *comes forward, with the* Roſe *carri'd before him in great Pomp. His Son* Seraphino *led by* Alonzo, Machiavel, *Attendants,* Aſcanio, *and five* Cardinals, *&c.*

Borg. O *Machiavel!* was ever Pomp like this?
The Morning dawns with an unwonted Crimſon;
The Flow'rs more od'rous ſeem, the Garden Birds
Sing louder, and the laughing Sun aſcends
The gaudy Earth with an unuſual brightneſs —
All Nature ſmiles, and the whole world is pleas'd,
Even all the World, but thy unhappy *Borgia.*
Mach. And why ſhould he, whom every man concludes
The Darling of the Times, whom bounteous Heav'n
Has Crown'd with Glory in ſucceſsful Wars,
Whom it now doubly Crowns with Beauty too,
The brighteſt of her Sex, why ſhould he thwart
The whole Worlds Vogue, and think himſelf unhappy?
Borg. Yes *Machiavel!* thou worthi'ſt of Mankind,
To thee I'll ſtrip my Heart, that ſecret Bed,
With Vices, Vertues, every naked thought,
And ſhew thee all the mixture of a Man.
We are obſerv'd— Think me not over-frail
Becauſe I love: were *Bellamira* dearer,
Her Father bleeds, and all the Rebel-Race;
I'll firſt inſnare the Fools: then preach Fate to 'em.
Mach. And let 'em know, juſt as the Cords are drawing,

None ought to offend his Prince, and after truſt him.
Borg. My Lord *Orſino!* O forgive me, Heav'n!
Who have thus groſly fail'd to pay the Reverence
I owe the beſt of Fathers, beſt of Friends:
This day, this glorious day, for ever bleſt,
And never to be loſt in *Times* dark Legend,
Crowns me your Son. Thus then I bend my knees,
Which are not us'd to kneel but at the Altar:
And O! permit me thus to kiſs your Hand,
And pay the Eternal Vows of my Obedience.
Orſin. O riſe, my Lord, all Duty is out-done
With but one ſingle bare Acknowledgment;
Yet for a ſatisfaction to this Company,
Say, do you love my Daughter *Bellamira*?
Borg. Ha! what ſays my Father? do I live?
O Heav'n! why do you wound me with the Queſtion?
Does the poor ſuff'ring Fair One Vertue love,
Who drinks the Brook, and eats what Nature yields,
Rather than feaſt in Courts with loſs of Honour?
Do thoſe, who on the Rack for Heav'n expire,
Love Angels, and Eternal brightneſs there?
'Tis ſure they do: And oh—'tis full as ſure,
That *Cæſar Borgia* dies for *Bellamira*.
Orſin. No more; you honour her and me too much:
Therefore this day I give her to your Arms
With all the pleaſure of a proud old Father,
O'rejoy'd to ſee his Daughter match'd above him:
By Heav'n, my eyes grow full; here all our Diſcord
For ever end, all Jars betwixt the *Orſins*,
Vitelli, and the Duke of *Valentinois*,
Be buri'd ever in this ſtrict Imbrace.
Borg. Since you will have it ſo, forgive my Duty;
Let me grow bold, and as a Friend imbrace you—
Orſin. See here, my Lord, for ſcarce can I diſtinguiſh,
Through the bright joy that dazles my weak ſight,
Oliverotto, and the Duke *Graviana*,
When *Vitellozzo* come to grace your Nuptials:
All on their Knees acknowledge you their Prince.
Borg. My Equals all: Nor ſhall this Homage be,
I ſwear it ſhall not: Riſe my Lords; your Arms:
Let me imbrace you round: by all things ſacred,
I ſwear th atnone of you have been too blame.
Were you Confederates againſt my Arms?
You were: but *Borgia*'s infinite Ambition
Forc'd you againſt your wills to let him know,

His head-ſtrong Youth, like a young fiery Horſe,
Unleſs you kindly ſtopt him in his ſpeed,
Would hurl him from ſome Precipice to ruine.
Orſin. See *Vitellozzo*! how he takes our Crimes
Upon himſelf.
Borg. Behold this Child, my Son!
I know not any thing the World calls precious,
Which in the dearneſs of my heart can match him,
But *Bellamira.* Take him *Vitellozzo*,
Take the dear blood that trickles from my heart,
The very ſtrings that wind about my life,
And let him for my part be Surety,
As beauteous *Bellamira* is for yours.
Orſin. Farewel, my Lord: with theſe Attendants here
I go to haſte the Bride; and let my life
Be anſwer for the little *Seraphino.* Ex. *Orſin. Vitelli.*
Aſcan. He has her now, that delicate bit of Beauty
Which I reſerv'd for my own Letchery,
He drills her from her old deluded Sire:
Hell! and ſhe melts; ſhe melts into his mouth:
But by my Holy-Dame I'll be reveng'd
On every part of him: His little Baſtard,
Becauſe he doats on him, ſhall ſtrait be mangled——
I'll do't I ſay: Yes by my Holy-Dame,
I will revenge my loſs of Letchery—
Ha! what a jerk was that? it grates my bones;
Pray Heav'n it ben't a Spice, a little Tang
Of the *Neapolitan* Itch, O my Holy-Dame. *Ex.* with *Cardinals.*
Borg. Now *Machiavel*, prepare to hear my Soul,
Hear to what ſoftneſs and effeminate mourning
All my dear Victories at laſt are melted:
For I will tell thee, though thou'lt ſcarce believe,
Since firſt I ſaw the Charming *Bellamira*,
The very Image of *Charlotta*'s ſcorn,
I have not had one hour of free repoſe;
Ev'n when at laſt I have reſolv'd to joyn
Our hands, and truſt her with my tender glory,
I've ſtarted from my Bed, at midnight roſe,
And wander'd by the Moon: Then laid me down
Upon ſome dewy bank, and ſlept till morn.
Mach. Therefore there muſt be ſome ſtrange Circumſtance
That firſt induc'd thoſe fears, ſome dang'rous hint
For your ſuſpitions—
Borg. Yes *Machiavel*,
There is, there is a cauſe for my ſuſpitions.

Mach. Are you ſure of it?
Borg. Moſt ſure I am;
Sure as reſerv'dneſs does imply averſion:
Yet I, as if my flames were fire in Froſt,
The more ſhe cools, ſcorch, rage, and burn the more—
Mach. I gueſs your meaning; like *Charlotta*, ſhe
Has pawn'd her heart——but 'tis confeſs'd you know him——
Borg. Ha! did I know the name of him I dread?
What God in Arms ſhould ſave him from my Sword?
Here thou haſt rouz'd the Lion in my heart,
Italian ſpite, revenge and blaſting fury
Devours my Soul! all mildneſs ſleeps like Death:
I boil like Drunkards Veins—Death! Hell and Vengeance!
Mach. Suppreſs this Fury——
Come! come! my Lord——I find you are better skil'd
In Camps than Courts, and know not yet Loves World.
She is reſerv'd you ſay, when you approach her;
Why, let her weep too: was it ever known
A ſubtle Bride laugh'd on her Wedding Day,
Or clasp'd her Lover in the eye o'th world?
I find you are unlearn'd! Sir——'tis their Trade,
The very Nature, Soul, and Life-blood of 'em——
To whine, and cry, and turn their heads away,
When their hearts dote on what they ſeem to ſcorn!
Borg. If it were ſo!
Mach. Why it was always ſo,
Is ſo, and will be ſo to the worlds end!
Give me your hand, and take her on my word;
I have been bred in Courts; ſounded the humours
Even of all Woman-kind: Therefore adviſe you
Repair immediately to old *Orſino*,
Who with his Beauteous Daughter waits your Coming.
Borg. Could ſhe be truly mine! the wings of Winds
Would be too ſlow to waft me to her arms!
Mach. Once more I ſay, ſhe is and ſhall be yours,
Truly, religiouſly, devoutly yours——
Why all this thought and groundleſs Jealouſy?
Let manly Confidence and *Roman*-Vertue
Maſter this Gothick Fury in your blood.
Borg. By arms! by all the glories I have won!
Thou haſt awak'd my Love, and Charm'd my fears.
Charlotta! O the very figure of her;
But ſure the beauteous Lines are ſofter here:
And now I find 'tis ruine to forgo her——
Mach. No more my Lord. 'Tis I that thus embark you,

And

And if some starting Plank should flaw the Vessel,
To your destruction——I am ruin'd too———
Since all I have, or am, or ever would be,
Is to be yours; your sworn, unbyas'd friend.
Borg. Thou best of men:
Thou art my Oracle, my Heav'n, my Genius,
And, as some God, shalt guide me through the World.
Let's go to Conquest, tho through Death we go;
Marriage and Death both new Experiments.
Methinks I see the Taper in the Window,
The Busie Nurse unveils the weeping Maid,
And I must naked pass through Seas to reach her.
O fatal Marriage! O thou dismal Gulph!
Which like the *Hellespont* do'st rore between
Me and my Joys: Is there no other way?
None, none, the Winds and the dash'd Rocks reply:
Why let 'em roar; and let the Billows swell;
Till the rack't Orbs be with the Deluge drown'd.
'Tis fixt; I'll plunge, or perish, or enjoy her———
Mach. Justly resolv'd; nor let a few false Tears
Melt you again to an untimely mildness.
Charlotta thus deluded you in *France*,
Which render'd all your Court ridiculous:
Remember that, and lest the like disgrace
Should happen now, drag her if she refuses!
Borg. I will, my *Machiavel*,——O Arms! O Glory!
What an Eternal Rust would smear your Luster,
Did not this Spirit of Ambition fire me!
I'll tell her that the lives of all her race
Are now within my power.
Mach. Nay, threaten her!
Borg. I will do more than threaten;
Think not the dreadful *Cæsar* will be rows'd
To threaten only; that's a sleeping *Borgia*,
A loving, dreaming, Conscientious *Borgia*;
But when I wake there's always Execution———
Mach. It has been so.
Borgia. And shall I swear again;
No, *Machiavel*; she must be mine or dye;
Should she for refuge to the Temple flie!
I'd after her; there, if she scorns my flame,
To the dumb Saints I will my Vows proclaim;
And in their view resolve the glorious game:
Upon the Golden Shrines I'll lay her head,
And ev'n the Altar make my Bridal Bed——— [*Ex.* Ambo.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Orſino *and* Bellamira *in Mourning.*

Orſino. WHERE didſt thou get the daring thus to move me?
By thy dead Mothers ſhrowd, not the firſt Night,
When in my Youthful arms I grasp'd her to me,
Was I ſo hot with Love as now with rage,
Thou Young and Virgin Witch, thou new-found Fury?
Bella. Ah, Sir! for I am afraid to call you Father,
Give me my Death: give to theſe trembling breaſts
A thouſand wounds; or cut me Limb from Limb;
But do not look ſo dreadfully upon me——
Nor blaſt me with ſuch ſounds. Oh pity me!
There's not one fatal ſentence, one dread VVord,
But runs like Iron through my freezing blood.
VVhat have I done? Ah, what is my offence?
And tell me how, which way I ſhall atone you?
Orſin. O, thou vile wretch! what is thy offence?
Doſt thou not know it? Exquiſite diſſembler!
Thou leading Sorc'reſs! Hecat of thy Sex!
Subtleſt of all thy kind, that ever rowld
Their falſe deluding eyes, and in their Glaſſes
Conjur'd for looks to cheat the ſimple world!
But to take all evaſion from thy guilt,
Did I not charge thee, as thou fear'ſt my curſe,
This very Morning to adorn thy ſelf
As one, whom the great Duke intends to honour
By making thee his Bride?
Bell. Alas! you did;
And I am come, Oh Heaven! and all you Powers
That pity womans weakneſs, I am come
My Lord as you commanded; and have vow'd,
Tho Death attends my Nuptials, to obey you.
Orſin. Thou ly'ſt even in thy heart, thou know'ſt thou ly'ſt,
Thou haſt maliciouſly, moſt groſly fail'd
In this obedience: Say, declare, haſte, anſwer,
Thou moſt ungrateful wretch; Ah, how unlike
Thy meek, thy Perfect bright and bleſſed Mother,
Is this a habit for a glorious Bride?
Doſt thou thus meet the generous *Borgia*?
I know thy awkard Heart; thou meanſt by this

To tell the VVorld, thou doſt not like thy Husband,
And daſh him at the Altar: but by Heav'n,
Whither thou, Murdreſs, now art ſending me,
This ſhall not ſerve thy purpoſe: In this dreſs
That blaſts my eyes, and ſtrikes my Soul with ſadneſs,
I'll ſee the Prieſt for ever make you one.

Bellam. Ah! how have I deſerv'd this cruel uſage?
Did ever Daughter yet obey like me?
Not ſhe who in the Dungeon fed her Father
With her own Milk, and by her Piety
Sav'd him from Death, can match my rigorous Vertue;
For I have done much more: torn off my Breaſts,
My Breaſts, my very Heart, and flung it from me,
To feed the Tyrant *Duty* with my blood.

Orſin. Call'ſt thou the lawful Impoſition of
A careful Father, that intends thee honour,
Tyrannical and bloody? Rage reſume me;
Here, ſeeſt thou this? O would the gallant *Borgia*
Could fling thee from his Soul, as I from mine,
For 'tis reſpect to him that ſaves thy life;
Elſe by the Feaver that quite burns me up,
I'd ponyard thee till all thy Robes were Crimſon:
Yet ſince thou haſt the Impudence to brave me,
And call thy Father Tyrant to his face,
I that have foſter'd thee even from the Womb,
And bred thee in my Boſom, hear and tremble;
For I will curſe thee till thy frighted Soul
Runs mad with horrour, till thy Mother ſtarts
From her cold Monument, to beg me ceaſe,
Though all in vain.

Bellam. I caſt me at your feet;
I'm all Obedience: See, Sir, — ſee me here
Grovelling upon the Earth.

Orſin. Curs'd be the Night,
Ten thouſand Curſes on that fatal hour,
When my great Spirit triſled with thy Mother
For the Production of ſo falſe a Joy!

Bellam. O horrid blaſting breath!

Orſin. When I am dead,
My troubled Ghoſt ſhall nightly haunt thy Dreams.

Bellam. Ah, hold—I kiſs your feet, and hug your knees.

Orſin. Though in thy Husbands Arms, I'll draw the Curtains,
And ſtare thee into Frenzy; and thy Lord
I'll Charm ſo faſt, thy ſhrieks ſhall not awake him.

Bellam. Yet Sir, forbear; tread on me, trample me.

Orsin. And all the day, when other Spirits sleep,
I'll follow thee with groans, and curse thee still:
Nay, when thou seek'st for company to scape me,
I'll make thee scream. See there his Spirit stands.

Bellam. Hear him not Heav'n!

Orsin. After thy first imbrace,
May thy Lord loath thee; swear thou art no Virgin,
And cast thee off as a most leud Adulteress.

Bellam. If there be Saints or Angels: Oh I charge you—

Orsin. Or if thy Husband should by chance retain thee,
Heart-burnings, Jealousies incite him still
To plague thee with a thousand Hells on Earth,
And after end thee in some horrid manner.

Bellam. Ponyard me as you promis'd Sir! Oh stab me!

Orsin. Eternal Barrenness shut up thy Womb;
If ought that's humane chance to raise thy hopes,
May it be monstrous at the curst Production,
An after-birth, or some abhorr'd Conception.

Enter Duke of Gandia *in Mourning.*

Bellam. Y'have said enough! my heart, my spirits fail me,
And I have now my wish without a Dagger.

Orsin. What now? another Mourner? Hell and Furies!
They both have plotted to undo my Honour.
Well—Duke of *Gandia*——but I'll call the Bridegroom.

Gand. Ha! how's this? the beauteous *Bellamira*
Upon the Earth. Help, help—my Lord, she's cold,
Your Daughter Swoons.——

Orsin. I care not, let her perish;
And thou, who hast seduc'd her, perish with her:
Swoon with her, sink with her: Die both, and both be damn'd.
Ex. Orsino.

Gand. Wake *Bellamira* from this sleep of Death:
Life of *Palante*'s life! give me a word;
See thou art safe, clasp'd in thy *Gandia*'s arms,
Palante holds thee. Say, what Murderer
Offer'd this cruelty, and I'll revenge thee!

Bellam. Where am I? ha! loose, loose me from your arms;
Stand off; fly from me; fly, *Palante*, fly!
For we must never, never meet agen:
The *Poles* may sooner joyn: O I am lost,
By an inexorable Father ruin'd;
Curs'd, blasted; and for thee, unhappy Prince,
Thou hast undone me, though not by thy will;

For

For ſure thou lov'ſt the wretched *Bellamira*:
Yet by the conſequence of this affection,
Thou haſt deſtroy'd my peace of mind for ever:
Thou haſt been ruinous and mortal to me!
As Robbers, Raviſhers, or Murderers!
Therefore be gone! fly from my eyes for ever,
And never let me ſee *Palante* more.

Gand. I go for ever from you, as you charge me,
And for that purpoſe I did hither come;
But little thought that you would drive me thus:
I hop'd, at leaſt, that when I parted from you,
And bid you everlaſtingly farewel,
I hop'd; but oh thoſe flattering hopes were vain!
That gentle *Bellamira* would have ſigh'd,
Or dropt a tear, when I ſhould take my leave,
And never ſee her more.

Bellam. O Cruelty!
You rend the Plaiſter from a bleeding wound.

Gand. An Elder Brother calls you to his Bed,
And you perhaps will not be raviſh'd thither:
O *Bellamira*! I had once thoſe Vows
Which thy frail heart does now reſign to *Borgia*.
But I have ſtaid too long: Farewel for ever;
When I am gone, and thou for many years
Enjoy'ſt the Change thy Father forc'd thee to,
(For ſure I cannot think it all thy doing!)
If happy *Cæſar Borgia* chance to fold thee
More cloſely in his arms than was his Cuſtom;
Say to thy heart with a relenting thought,
Thus, if our Fates had pleas'd, the wretched *Gandia*
Would thus have lov'd me. But no more, farewel.
You're pleas'd to baniſh me—and—I'll obey. *Exiturus.*

Bell. Come back! come back! you ſhall not leave me thus:
Let Fathers Curſe, and Jealous Husbands Rage,
Love has a force that can ſurmount the World.

Enter Borgia.

If then 'tis deſtin'd that you muſt be gone,
And leave me to the Arms of Cruel *Borgia*——

Borg. Ha! but obſerve: there may be more in this.

Bell. If we two Lovers, whom for tenderneſs
The World can never match, muſt part for ever——

Gand. O, that for ever!

Borg. It's Apparition all;

By Heav'n, a Dream; I ſwear, a very Dream.
Bell. Yet take, O take this dying farewel with thee:
And whomſoe're thy paſſion ſhall Eſpouſe,
Remember! O remember this, and leave me:
No Man was ever ſo by Woman lov'd,
As thou *Palante* art by *Bellamira.*
Gand. Stop there; for to go on will give me Death.
O! thou haſt utter'd Sounds of ſuch a ſtrain
As Nature cannot bear: like utmoſt Muſick,
Which while it charms the Senſe, makes chill the Blood.
No more! for by my glimmering joys, I fear
Thou'lt ſing my Soul to Everlaſting Sleep!
Borg. Then let me wake you.
Bell. O Heav'ns! we are undone!
Borg. Start not, nor weep not! beauteous *Bellamira*!
For there is nothing toward you, but well;
Fortune her ſelf now ſmiles on your deſign,
And Heav'n and Earth conſpire to make you happy:
Theſe Mourning Habits on your Wedding Day,
Had chance not guided me to hear your Loves,
Would have betray'd the ſecret——
Gand. O Brother! what muſt I expect? I know not
Whether I ought to hope or fear.
Borg. Hope all:
For curſt is he that parts whom Heav'n has joyn'd:
I ſtand convinc'd that Love has made you one;
And may thoſe Chaſter Fires that warm your hearts,
Vie with the Stars for Immortality——
Gand. Speak it again, again confirm this goodneſs,
For one ſo Noble ſure this World contains not:
O! 'tis too little but to name him Noble,
For ſuch a Soul aſpires above the Clouds;
So great, Ethereal, and ſo God-like fram'd,
He muſt look down on Kings: ſuch vaſt compaſſion,
Such an unheard magnificence of Mercy
As we muſt both adore: Kneel, *Bellamira,*
For 'tis a God we talk with.
Borg. O you muſt not.
Methinks fair *Bellamira,* who ſtill anſwers
With the accuſtom'd Language of her Tears,
Methinks you ſhould have told me all this while,
Your Beauties were not doom'd for *Cæſar Borgia.*
'Tis true, I often fear'd by your reſerv'dneſs,
Your Heart muſt be ingag'd——Or thou, *Palante,*
Had'ſt thou but told me when I woo'd her firſt,

How

How many ſighs and ſorrows hadſt thou ſav'd me!
I would not then have launch'd, but yielded up
The Noble Fraight, this more than *Indian* Treaſure,
And given thee all my intereſt in her Father.
Gand. Alas! I fear'd!
Borg. I hold you Sir excus'd:
May you be happy as your Souls can wiſh;
But I muſt beg you from this place retire
For your own Intereſt; *Orſino* here
Entreated me to wait him, and 'tis now
Upon this day, allotted for my Marriage,
Unfit to break the buſineſs of your Loves.
Yet doubt not, O moſt happy lovely Pair,
But Care and Time ſhall perfect all your Wiſhes.
Gand. Give me your Arms: I had deſign'd this Morning,
Made deſperate with my griefs, t' acquaint your ear
With all the progreſs of my ruin'd paſſion:
I thought that you would ſtorm, and uſe me ill,
And had deſign'd I know not what to forfeit
My life, rather than loſe my *Bellamira*:
But you have ſo prevented me——
Borg. No more.
How, faireſt *Bellamira*! not one word?
Am I ordain'd the Proxy of your Love,
Without the Breath of thanks?
Bell. The bounteous Heav'ns
Rain on your head whole Deluges of mercies,
For this great goodneſs! Hear me, oh ye Powers,
Hear me upon my knees; where-e're he goes,
Guard him with bleſſings! give him his own wiſhes:
If to the Wars he paſs, Renown attend him,
And growing Conqueſt dwell upon his Arms;
Let him attain by a long courſe of Valour,
And gallant acts, to the old *Roman* Greatneſs;
And when at laſt in Triumph he returns,
May all the ſighing Virgins ſtrow his way,
And with new Garlands Crown his coming Glory. *Ex. with* Gandia.

Enter Machiavel.

Mach. Something's diſcover'd, and I gueſs the buſineſs!
My Lord, you're wanted, and the beauteous Bride.
Borg. I charge thee name her not upon thy life.
Here, tear, tear off theſe unbecoming Garments,
Get me my Horſe, and bid my Arms be ready;

Yes,

Yes, *Machiavel*, with to morrows dawn,
Thou ſhalt behold me in another Dreſs,
Breathing Defiance to theſe ſofter Wars.
Mach. But why, Sir! why? how comes this ſudden change?
Why have you charg'd me that I ſhould not ſpeak
Of *Bellamira?*
Borg. Cruel *Machiavel!*
Why doſt thou bring the fatal Charmer back,
Whom I would drive for ever from my Soul?
Mach. This wondrous alteration of your humour,
Muſt ſure ariſe from ſome as wondrous cauſe.
Have you diſcover'd ought?
Borg. All, all's diſcover'd;
And ſuch an over-ſight in thee: but where,
Where now is thy profound Sagacity?
Where all thy Depoſitions, Promiſes,
Warrants, Ingagements that ſhe ſhould be mine;
Chaſtly, religiouſly, devoutly mine?
Mach. And is ſhe not?
Borg. By Heav'n quite oppoſite:
All that my boding heart preſag'd to thee
Before, has happen'd; happen'd in ſuch manner,
As quite out-went my own Imagination.
Mach. Who-e're he is that has ſupplanted you,
By your juſt rage he was a ſecret Villain,
The cloſeſt Traytor that e're plotted miſchief,
And juſtly has deſerv'd the ſtab you gave him.
Borg. How, *Machiavel?* ha, didſt thou talk of ſtabbing?
Mach. I neither think, nor know what's your intention,
But that's your Countries Cuſtom in ſuch caſes:
Beſides, Sir, when I did diſcourſe you laſt,
You fell into Convulſions of Deſpair,
With mentioning the very name of Rival,
And thunder'd out whole Volleys of revenge.
Borg. True *Machiavel*: but could not think my Rival
Should prove my Brother.
Mach. Ha!
Borg. Raiſe, raiſe me Heav'n,
Some other man that dares to take her from me,
To ſnatch the only Beauty I can love,
And at the Altar too, from my imbraces;
If I not end him, though he were Imperial,
Ev'n in the middle of his Guards——
Mach. Your Brother!
And have you Confirmation that ſhe loves him?

Borg.

Borg. Why doſt thou wonder? I both ſaw and heard;
Heard all his Vows, and her moſt paſſionate Anſwers:
She loves him: Yes, theſe curſed Remembrancers,
Theſe eyes have ſeen it. O! ſhe dotes on him,
Feeds on his looks——eyes him, as pregnant Women
Gaze at the precious thing their Souls are ſet on.
Mach. And you perhaps will bear it from a Brother
With all the meekneſs of an Anchorite,
A man of quite another World! you'd beſt
Go to the Wars, be ſhot, and leave this Brother
The Heir of all, ſole Darling of the Pope.
Borg. 'Tis certain, that I ſeem'd to all appearance
Mild and relenting; begg'd 'em leave me here,
That I might think——
Mach. Think! by your Holy Father,
You have no blood, no ſoul, nor ſpirit left!
The Genius of your houſe muſt bluſh at this;
A Brother! why, ſo much the more a Villain.
Borg. O *Machiavel!*
Mach. O Conſcientious *Borgia!*
By all that's great, it is in him flat Inceſt;
There's for your Conſcience, if you will have Conſcience,
She was betroth'd yours by her Fathers will,
Publiſh'd to the World, and what elſe makes a Marriage?
And for a Brother thus to undermine you,
And carry it too? Are you *Italian* born?
Begot by one? O, make it not a doubt,
I grieve, I groan, I am mad to ſee you thus!
What, to be made the talk, the jeer of *Rome*,
As once you were at *Paris* by *Charlotta:*
No——I'll revenge thee! cold as thou art and dead!
And may this Steel be ſheath'd in *Machiavel*,
If that the treacherous Duke of *Gandia* ſcape me. *Exit turns.*
Borg. Come back, I ſay; for what is to be done,
I'll act my ſelf. Where was I? or where am I?
No *Machiavel*, thou know'ſt 'tis not my Conſcience
That lets the Villain live: I think thou haſt heard
The fatal Jars w' have had about my Siſter:
For I remember, being in her Bath,
And by her Women told we were at words,
She ran in haſte half naked to the *Pope*,
Who came to part the fray; and ſwore in fury,
With horrid Imprecations, who-e're fell
By th' others hand, he never would have mercy
On the Surviver. This, my *Machiavel*,

Is *Borgia*'s Conſcience—— For to do a murder,
And not be ſafe, is Drunkards policy.
Mach. What then is your intent?
Borg. To follow Nature;
For ſo do Flames that burn, and Seas that drown;
Yes, *Machiavel*, and care not what comes on't:
So when ſecurity, and black occaſion
Point me to death, I will be rough as thoſe,
And blood him, till he changes to a Ghoſt:
Yet ſince my Fathers threats bar preſent murder,
I'll find a way to rack him.
Mach. Ha! you mean——
To take again your beauteous Prize; that is,
The lovely *Bellamira* ſtill retains
Some holds about your heart.
Borg. O, 'tis confeſs'd;
And howſoe're my Tongue has plaid the Braggart,
She Reigns more fully in my Soul than ever:
She Garriſons my Breaſt, and Mans againſt me
Even my own Rebel thoughts, with thouſand Graces,
Ten thouſand Charms, and new diſcover'd Beauties.
O! hadſt thou ſeen her when ſhe lately bleſt me,
What tears, what looks, and languiſhings ſhe darted;
Love bath'd himſelf in the diſtilling Balm:
And oh the ſubtle God has made his entrance
Quite through my heart: he ſhouts and triumphs too,
And all his Cry is Death, or *Bellamira*.
Mach. Why! this is like the Spirit of your Father.
You bring his graceful vigour juſt before me,
Juſt, juſt as firſt he wore the triple Crown,
Juſt ſo he walk'd, juſt with that fiery Movement;
So ſparkled too his eyes! ſo glow'd his Cheeks.
Nor fear *Palante*, when ſhe's in your Arms,
When ſhe perceives the fervour of your paſſion
Panting upon her naked Breaſts for Mercy.
Borg. Sighing, as if my very Soul would burſt;
And gaſping, *Machiavel*, as if Deaths pangs were on me.
Mach. Now ſtealing to her Lips, diſſolv'd in Tears,
And preſſing cloſe, but ſoftly to her ſide;
Whiſpering, O why, why, gentle *Bellamira*?
Then with a ſudden ſtart let looſe your love;
Graſp her as if you could no longer bear it;
Claſp her all night, and ſtifle her with Kiſſes:
O, there are thouſand ways!
Borg. Ten thouſand thouſand;

Millions,

Millions, and infinite, yet add to thoſe,
I'll try 'em all: nor ſhall a drop of mercy
Fall from my eyes, though I beheld *Palante*
Dead at her door. O expectation burns me!
O *Bellamira*! heart! how ſhe does inflame me?
Mach. Then there's no need of warlike preparations?
Borg. Talk no more of War, for now my Theme's all Love:
The War like Winter vaniſhes; 'tis gone,
And *Bellamira* with eternal Spring,
Dreſt in blew Heav'ns, and breathing Vernal ſweets,
Drops like a *Cherubin* in ſmiles before me.
Mach. Oh, that the World could but behold you thus!
That *Bellamira* ſaw you in this height
Of dazling Paſſion, and becoming Fury!
Borg. Thus, to a glorious Coaſt, through Tempeſts hurl'd,
We ſail like him who ſought the *Indian* World.
'Tis more; 'tis Paradiſe I go to prove,
And *Bellamira* is the Land of Love:
I have her in my view; and hark, ſhe talks,
And ſee, about, like the firſt Maid ſhe walks:
Fair as the Day when firſt the World began;
And I am doom'd to be the happy man. *Exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCENE I.

Enter Aſcanio *and* Alonzo.

Alonz. MY Lord, this is an Act ſo newly horrid,
So ghaſtly a contrivance of Revenge,
That Fiends themſelves would ſtart at the Propoſal.
I to do this; I, who have bred him up!
Oh *Seraphino*! Nurs'd thee in my Boſom,
To gaſh thy Cheeks, and tear out both thy Eyes!
Aſcan. The ſums of Gold are order'd to be paid;
Half on your bare conſent: on Execution
The whole. *Alonzo!* thou haſt no compaſſion
When Intereſt comes in play: Don't I know,
At the Command of *Machiavel*, or *Borgia*,
Thou would'ſt not ſtick to poyſon ev'n the Pope?
Come, come, diſſemble not thy Occupation,
Murder's thy Trade, and Death thy Livelihood;

Therefore perform this act of ſpritely Vengeance,
And I'll Create thee Noble——

Alonz. 'Tis ſure, e're long, when I have ſerv'd their turn,
That they will end me too, for fear of talking;
Therefore, my Lord, how-e're my Conſcience ſtings me,
For 'tis moſt true, I love the Innocent Boy;
Send home the Gold——

Aſcan. Thou ſhalt along with me;
I will not ſend, but pay it thee in hand,
Full twenty thouſand Crowns——Why, what a ſum is that?
Full twenty thouſand Crowns!
Why, I will tell thee, there are Rogues in Orders,
Monks, *Fryers*, *Jeſuits*, that would kill their Fathers,
Raviſh their Mothers, eat their Brothers and Siſters,
For half the ſum: what, twenty thouſand Crowns!
Away, away! Come, come, pull out his eyes,
And make a *Cupid* of the little Baſtard.
I ſwear thou ſhalt; what, twenty thouſand Crowns!

Alonz. My Lord, I am Charm'd.

Enter Machiavel *and* Adorna.

Aſcan. My good Lord *Machiavel.*

Mach. My Noble Lord,
The humbleſt of your Servants.——— *Ex.*
Now, my *Adorna*, now the time is coming,
When thou ſhalt Rival ev'n the Queen of Love;
For, by my life, a Bridegroom like *Palante*
Might match an Empreſs——But he's thine; no more.
I've ſworn he's thine: This day, that gives his Brother
Thy beauteous Couſin, is the bleſt Fore-runner
Of my *Adorna*'s certain happineſs.

Ador. Heav'n only knows the iſſue of my Fate;
But did not love and languiſhing deſire
Tranſport me from my ſelf, I ſhould endeavour
To help the poor deſpairing *Bellamira.*
Not many hours ago ſhe ran upon me
With Extaſies, even crying out for joy,
In ſpite of Fate, *Palante* ſhall be mine;
Then told me all that you diſcourſt but now:
When on that minute cruel *Borgia* enter'd
With old *Orſino*, who commanded her,
I'th' mid'ſt of pray'rs and tears, and ſhrieking ſorrows,
Strait to attend her Husband to the Temple.

Mach. Excellent! And how bears *Palante* this?

Adorn.

Adorn. So much the worſe, becauſe quite unexpected.
And while I told it in moſt moving terms,
He ſtruck his Breaſt, and caſt his eyes to Heav'n,
Enquir'd for you; then talkt of blood, and vaniſh'd.
Mach. I have been ever ſince I came to *Rome*
A Confident to both: I like the Method,
The *Machine* moves exactly to my mind,
Sails like a Ship well ballaſt through the Air,
And ploughs the riſing miſchiefs clear before me.
I've heard thee often talk of pretty Letters
That paſt between *Palante* and thy Couſin.
Ador. I have 'em all in keeping, by her order.
Mach. Let me peruſe 'em.
Adorn. Will you be ſecret then?
Mach. Away, and fear not, they ſhall make thy Fortune:
Soon as the Marriage Rites are paſt, we'll meet. *Ex.* Adorna.
But lo, they come! the Duke of *Gandia* frowns;
I fear my *Caſar*, and muſt watch their claſhing.

Scene *draws, and diſcovers the Progreſs of a ſtately Marriage*; Aſcanio, Adrian, Enna, *Cardinals, going before*, Orſino *following*: Bellamira *ſupported by two Virgins in White:* Borgia *follow'd by* Vitellozzo, Alonzo, *&c.*

Gand. Sir, I muſt ſpeak with you.
Borg. 'Tis inconvenient.
Gand. 'Tis not our firſt of Jars. Remember *Lucrece*,
Our Siſter *Lucrece*, and be then perſwaded
Neceſſity requires your ear.
Borg. For what?
Gand. If you dare walk aſide with me, I'll tell you.
Borg. After the Prieſt.——
Gand. No Sir——before the Prieſt——
Fate hovers near us; you ſhall give me hearing.
Borg. What Boy! how ſay'ſt thou? Shall!—
Gand. Yes Sir, you ſhall.
Borg. No more; for fear we ſhould be over-heard:
I'll inſtantly return upon my Honour:
Let me but wait *Orſino* to the Gate,
And I'll attend thee; on my word I will——
The Prieſt ſhall wait till thou haſt ſatisfaction.
Ex. all but Mach. *and* Gand.
Mach. What have you ſaid, my Lord?
Gand. Forbear to know;
I think thou lov'ſt me, yet a proof were well;

And since occasion now demands a tryal,
Refuse not what my Friendship shall enjoyn thee.
Mach. 'Tis granted, though the consequence be death.
Gand. Begone, this moment leave me to my self.
Mach. I apprehend: Let me imbrace you.
Why shall I leave you? but my word's ingag'd;
Call all those pow'rful provocations up,
Your wrongs, your most ignoble injuries,
To steel your arm, and dye your Victory
In blood: I go—because you grow impatient.
No more, but Conquest, Death, or *Bellamira*——
Yet I must watch you hereabouts: For *Borgia*,
Though skill'd and gallant, yet may meet his Death,
And that I must prevent, for I'll allow no stroke
To Chance, though my undaunted Hero dares all
That Man can dare—— *Ex.* Mach.
Gand. Why comes he not?
I know he's brave, Renown'd in Forreign Wars,
And to his skill in Arms has such a Courage,
As makes a rash man run upon his ruine:
Yet in his height of fury I can dare him,
My blood defies him mortally to death.
Yes *Machiavel*, I'll take thy fatal counsel;
The word is Conquest, Death, or *Bellamira*.

Enter Borgia.

Borg. So Sir, you see I have obey'd your Summons;
You must be satisfi'd, though Beauty stays,
Though the Bride stays, though *Bellamira* stays:
That is, tho Heav'n with all its waiting glories
Stops at your call, and stands to give you hearing.
Gand. Y'have us'd me basely.
Borg. No.
Gand. I say you have,
Without a provocation.
Borg. That were base
Indeed: when unprovok'd I do a wrong,
May I, when justly urg'd, want due revenge.
Gand. Y'have falsifi'd your word, betray'd me basely,
Betray'd a Brother: O my Stars, a Brother!
That would have burst through all the bars of death,
And yielded all things to you, but his Love.
O, foolish eyes! but these are your last tears,
And I must mend your course with blood.

Borg.

Borg. He weeps!
Was ever ſeen Hypocriſie like this? *Aſide.*
O thou young impudent and blooming lyar,
Who, like our Curtezans, art early practis'd,
And in their Nonage taught the Arts of Vice.
But I forego my temper——Is this all?
You know I am in haſte, and cannot brook
A longer Conference.
Gand. I know you cannot,
But I ſhall force you: yes, thou Tyrant Brothe ,
Thou that art fallen from all thy height of glory,
To the low practice of the worſt of Slaves,
I will revenge the honour thou haſt loſt:
Nor ſhalt thou paſs to *Bellamira*'s Arms,
Till through my heart thou cutt'ſt thy horrid way.
Draw then—
Borg. I will not.
Gand. By Revenge and Fury
Thou ſhalt not paſs, but on my Rapiers point.
Borg. Think not, thou young Practitioner in Arms,
That all thy force, though levell'd at me naked,
Should ſtop me, if I once reſolv'd my way:
But I am calm; and wiſh thee, for thy ſafety,
To let me paſs. Thou talk'ſt awhile ago
Of *Lucrece*—but no more of that—my Father,
O, fear'd I not his Thunder which ſo oft
Has menac'd me if e're I roſe againſt thee,
Long, long e're this, had'ſt thou been duſt; even now
For that abuſe which late thou gav'ſt my ear,
For that abhorr'd Conception of my Siſter,
For that damn'd mention, by the loweſt Hell,
And by the burning Fiends, thou ſhould'ſt be Aſhes.
Gand. Bluſh not, nor purſe thy threatning Brow, but draw;
And dare not to deſpiſe the weakeſt arm
That ſtrikes with Juſtice. Yes, upon thy breaſt
Elate, and haughty as thou carri'ſt it,
I doubt not but my Sword ſhall write thee Traytor.
Borg. No more: O that I had
Some one Renown'd, and winter'd as my ſelf,
T'encounter like an Oak the rooting Storm!
But thou art weak, and to the Earth wilt bend,
With my leaſt blaſt thy Head of Bloſſoms down:
If by thy hand I fall (as who e're div'd
So deep in Fate, but ſometimes was deceiv'd?)
I do bequeath thee more than all my Dukedoms,

Far more indeed than Worlds, my beauteous Bride
But if I conquer thee, and shew thee mercy,
Never love more; nor after I am marri'd,
Dare for thy Soul to speak of *Bellamira.*

Gand. I thank thee, and accept the terms with joy,
Which blood must ratifie: And here I swear,
If vanquish'd by thy Arm (though Death, I hope,
Will, more than Oath, confirm the fatal bargain)
For ever to renounce all Claim, and yield
By my Eternal Absence *Bellamira.*

Borg. Come on then: And let Love and Glory steel
Thy unflesh'd arm: think on this moment hangs
Thy whole lifes Joy, or worse than Death, Despair;
I would not win such Beauty without blood:
But as the brave *Gonsalvo*, being shot,
Mov'd not at all, nor chang'd his mighty Look;
As if the Gallantry of such demeanour
Could charm coy Victory to raise the Siege:
So would I with my blood distilling down,
Answering her tears, lead *Bellamira* on,
And woo her at the Altar with my wounds.

Gand. No more.

Borg. Agreed. The word is *Bellamira.*— *Fight*, Gandia
Hold, hold *Palante*, for thou bleed'st. *is wounded.*

Gand. A scratch.

Borg. My Father crys out, save him on thy life. *Fight again,*
Gand. Guard well thy life. Borgia *is wounded on the arm, but disarms* Gandia.

Enter Machiavel.

Mach. What means this noyse of Arms?
Why these Swords drawn? what now, my Lords,
Both wounded? Borgia *throws* Gan-
By Heav'n, I swear, you shall proceed no further. dia *his Sword.*

Borg. 'Tis now too late to tell thee how we quarrell'd,
Look to his wound: soon as the Cure's perform'd,
I'll serve the Duke of *Gandia* with my Fortune,
But far from *Rome*; for he has agreed
Never to see my *Bellamira* more.
For me— I'll to the Temple.

Mach. My Lord, you bleed.

Borg. The skin's but rac'd:
Would it were deep in the most mortal part,
So *Bellamira*, when the blood gush'd forth,
Would sink upon my breast, and swear she lov'd me.

But that's too much to hope; what e're is doom'd,
I ſwear this night to graſp the conquer'd Prize:
Yes, yes, *Palante*, hear, and fly for ever;
All the White World of *Bellamira*'s Beauty
This night I'll travel o're, to feaſt my Love;
The Little Glutton ſhall be gorg'd with Revels,
He ſhall be drunk with ſpirits of delight;
With all that amorous wiſhes can inſpire,
And all the Liberties of looſe deſire. *Exit.*

Gand. I'll after him, and at the Altar end him.
Was't not enough to wound and vanquiſh me,
But he muſt triumph too? I rave and talk
I know not what; for he is generous,
And nobly merits what his valour won:
Yes, happy *Borgia*, I will keep my word;
And, ſince thus loſt to all that I held dear,
Abandon this loath'd world.

Mach. You muſt retire.

Gand. I will devote the ſad remains of life
To the bleſt company of holy men:
Learn Contemplation, and the dregs of life
Purg'd off, taſte clearer and more ſprightly joys,
Partake their tranſports in the brighteſt Viſions,
See opening Heav'ns, and the deſcending Gods:
Then as I view the dazling tracks of Angels,
Sigh to my heart, and cry, ſee there, and there,
In full perfection thouſand *Bellamira*'s.

Mach. My Lord, your wound bleeds faſt.

Gand. O *Machiavel!*
When I am ſhut for ever from the world,
Thou tenderſt-hearted, gentleſt, beſt of Friends,
Wilt viſit me ſometimes: I know thou wilt.

Mach. Why do you droop thus? lean upon my arm:
All ſhall be well. Yes, I will find a way,
In ſpite of Fortune, yet to heal your ſorrows,
And pour the Balm of *Bellamira*'s tears
Upon your wound.

Gand. Could I but ſee her once
Before I die!

Mach. Once, twice, a hundred times;
Doubt not, you ſhall; but haſte to your Apartment. *Ex.* Gandia.
Methinks if miſchief had but this to vaunt,
That, like a God, none knows her but her ſelf,
It were enough to mount her o're the World.
I love my ſelf; and for my ſelf, I love

Borgia

Borgia my Prince: Who does not love himself?
Self-love's the Universal Beam of Nature,
The Axle-tree that darts through all its Frame:
And he's a Child in thought, who fears the sting
Of Conscience; and will rather lose himself,
Than make his Fortune by anothers ruine!
Conscience, the Bug-bears roar, the Nurses howl,
Our Infant lash and whip of Education.

Enter Adorna.

My Genius, my Love, my little Angel,
Hast thou the Letters?
Adorn. First, my Lord,
If I have breath to utter, let me tell you,
Never was Marriage solemniz'd like this.
Mach. Go on.
Adorn. The Bride in Mourning Robes was led,
Or rather born like a pale Course along;
I saw her when she first approach'd the Temple,
How, rushing from the arms of those that held her,
She threw her body on the Marble steps,
When strait the Bridegroom with a kindled face
Drew near, and blushing stretcht his bloody arm,
Wrapt in a Scarf, and gave it to the Bride:
Then, bowing, wish'd the Priest perform his Duty.
Mach. What follow'd?
Adorn. Urg'd, or rather brib'd before,
The Priest, at Old *Orsino*'s Intercession,
Soon joyn'd their hands: all from the Temple haste,
Orsino and his Son in deep discourse,
And *Bellamira* blind with weeping, led
This way.
Mach. I am glad on't, for I wait to speak with her.
Prithee produce the Letters: Come, I know
Thou hast 'em: nay, 'tis thy own interest.
Adorn. See *Bellamira* enters: stay some time,
And I'll discover to your own desire.

Enter Bellamira.

Mach. Madam, I would entreat a word in private.
Bell. Can misery, like mine, be worth discourse?
Mach. The dead are only happy, and the dying:
The dead are still, and lasting slumbers hold 'em;

He

He, who is near his death, but turns about,
Shuffles awhile to make his Pillow easie,
Then slips into his Shroud, and rests for ever.
Bella. My mind presages, by the bloody hand
That seiz'd me at the Altar.——
Mach. In their Nonage
A sympathy unusual joyn'd their loves;
They pair'd like Turtles, still together drank,
Together eat, nor quarrell'd for the choice:
Like Twining-streams both from one Fountain fell,
And as they ran, still mingled smiles and tears:
But oh, when Time had swell'd their Currents high,
This boundless World, this Ocean did divide 'em,
And now for ever they have lost each other.
Bella. For ever! Oh the horrour that invades me!
Thou seem'st to intimate some horrid act:
I charge thee speak, how fares the Duke of *Gandia?*
Not answer me! why dost thou shake thy head,
And cross thy arms, and turn thy eyes away?
Has there been ought betwixt my Lord and him?
Mach. There has, they fought.
Bella. The Cause, the cursed Cause
Stands here, before thy eyes she stands to blast thee:
I know 'tis thus; *Borgia* for me was wounded;
And, oh my fears! by his relentless hand,
Perhaps that poor despairing lost *Palante*
Is miserably slain: If it be so,
Spite of my Father, I'll renounce my Vows,
Forgo, forswear all comforts in this life,
And fly the world.
Mach. Would I were out on't;
Nothing but fraud and cruelties reign here.
He is not slain: but, as his Surgeons bode,
I fear him much. Oh would you be so kind
To see the wounds he suffers for your sake,
And charm his pains but with one parting view
Before your Lord return.——
Bella. Alas! I dare not!
Mach. He grasp't me by the wrist, and weeping, vow'd
'Twould be a Heav'n, a Lightning in his Grave,
Where else he must for ever lye unpiti'd.
Now, on my Soul, you must, you ought to see him,
Who ballancing the Scales of doubtful life,
Lies in your way: a glance, one grain of favour
Turns him from Death. Come, come, you must have mercy:

Madam, I'll wait and intercept your Lord.
Bella. A Visit! just upon our Marriage too—
But 'tis the last that he shall e're receive;
Therefore I'll go; Nature, Compassion, Fate;
And Love, far more tyrannical than those,
Forces me on: I feel him here; he throbs,
And beats a Mournful March.
Mach. Fear not, away:
I'll guard the passage: look not back, but haste. *Ex.* Bellamira.
If I remember story well, old *Rome*
Was free from all this weakness of the mind;
For Women! oh how slightly were they thought of,
When the great *Cato* gave his Friend his Wife,
To breed him his Heirs, because she was a Teemer;
And after he was dead, again receiv'd her.
This was before the *Vandals* made us Slaves,
Who mingling with our Wives, begot a Race
That nothing holds of the old Lyon, Glory.

Enter Borgia.

But hush, more work, and now I am compos'd.
Borg. Welcom, my best of Friends, my *Machiavel*!
Let me unlade on thee my fraught of joy;
For *Bellamira*'s mine, her Vows are mine;
Her Father gave her, and the Holy man
Has link'd our hands: Fortune perhaps, e're long,
May joyn our hearts: However, dearly bought,
I say, she's mine.
Mach. However, dearly bought!
Borg. True *Machiavel*, most dearly; but alas,
He that would reach the Mine, must burst the Quarry,
And labour to the Center——Ha——thou'rt cold;
Start from this Lethargy, and tell me why,
Why dost thou shake my joys with that stern look?
Speak, for to me thy face is as the Heav'ns,
And, when thou smil'st, I cannot fear a Storm:
But now thy gather'd brows prognosticate
Ill weather: Lightning sparkles from thy eyes;
Speak too, though thunder follow.
Mach. On what conditions had the Prince his life?
Borg. It was agreed betwixt us solemnly,
And bound by Oath, that he who was subdu'd
Should never speak to *Bellamira* more.
Mach. I am satisfi'd.——

Borg.

Borg. O *Machiavel!* is this friendly,
To hide the Cauſe of thy diſorder from me?
Thou ſaid'ſt, I am ſatisfied; but at that moment
I ſaw two Furies leap from thy red Eyes,
That ſaid thou'rt not, thou art not ſatisfi'd.
This coldneſs of thy Carriage! this dead ſtillneſs
Makes me more apprehend than all the noiſe
That mad-men raiſe: Speak then, but do not blaſt me:
Speak by degrees, let the Truth break away
In oblique ſounds; for if it come directly,
I fall at once, ſplit, ruin'd, daſh'd for ever,
So little am I Maſter of my Paſſion.

Mach. Therefore I dare not tell you.

Borg. Therefore 'tis horrid, ha!
Monſtrous! 'tis ſo; therefore thou dar'ſt not tell me:
But ſpeak; though trembling thus from head to foot,
I will be calm, preſs down the riſing ſighs,
And ſtifle all the ſwellings in my heart:
I will be Maſter far as Nature can.

Mach. If that you knew ſuch Fire was in your temper,
And thus would burn you up, why would you marry?

Borg. Becauſe reſiſtleſs Love! reſiſtleſs Beauty
Hurry'd me on. But ſpeak, thou ſtav'ſt me off.
If thou haſt ſenſe of Honour, tell me, *Machiavel!*
Speak, I conjure thee, as thou art my Friend.

Mach. The fault's not great, and you may pardon it;
Yet 'twas a fault, I think: Where did you leave
Your Bride?

Borg. Why doſt thou ask? I know not where:
This way they led her; and as I perſwaded,
Orſino, though unwilling, judg'd it fit
She ſhould retire again to her Apartment,
That her full griefs might have a time to waſte.

Mach. She is retir'd, my Lord.

Borg. Ha! whither? ſpeak:
She is retir'd where ſhe ſhould not retire!
'Tis true, moſt plain, moſt undeniable,
I know it by the faſhion of thy Wit,
Thy accent ſwears it; mouth thy Tale no more,
But ſay diſtinctly whither ſhe's retir'd:
I charge thee, pray thee, and conjure thee, ſpeak,
For what, with whom, and on what new occaſion?

Mach. You have a Brother.

Borg. O the perjur'd Traytor!
I have! what then?

Mach. She's with him now.
Borg. With whom?
Mach. Why with the Duke of *Gandia*; with your Brother *Palante*, Son, or Nephew to the Pope.
Borg. What *Bellamira* with him? Ponyards! Daggers!
Mach. This way, but now, I ſaw her come in haſte;
Whether ſhe gueſs'd the matter by your Wound,
I know not, but with faultring ſpeech ſhe ask'd
How far'd *Palante*, if he were in being?
Whereon I nothing mus'd, but in plain terms,
With moderation, told her what I knew;
But had you ſeen the ſtarts and ſtops ſhe made!
Borg. No doubt ſhe did; Ten thouſand Curſes, oh——
Go on; for yet I am a fangleſs Lyon.
Mach. Had you but heard when firſt his Wound I mention'd,
How ſhe ſhriek'd out; how oft ſhe forced me ſwear,
And ſwear, and ſwear again, it was not mortal!
Borg. Undone for ever! O deſtruction ſeize her!
Mach. But when I told your hurt, ſhe ſeem'd ſcarce griev'd,
And leſſening ſorrow yielded to attention;
I do not ſay ſhe flatly did rejoice,
But ſure I am ſhe ſmil'd, and touch'd my hand,
And begg'd me, if you came this way, to hold you
In talk, while to the ſick ſhe made a viſit.
Borg. Thy Boſom be my Grave; bear me a while
Or I ſhall burſt. O *Bellamira!* Oh!
Mach. Raiſe, raiſe your ſelf. Ha, Prince! is this the Fire
We fear'd but now, that moſt tranſporting fury?
Borg. No more; 'tis gone: O Marriage! now I find thee;
Thou coſtly Feaſt, on which with fear we feed,
As if each Golden diſh we taſte were poiſon'd;
Where, by the fatal Tyranny of Cuſtom,
Our Honour, like a Sword juſt pointing o're us,
Hangs by a Hair. Ha! but it comes, 'tis faln!
Like a forked Arrow ſtuck into my Skull.
No more: I am deaf as Adders, and as deadly:
Mercy! no more! thy Voice is quite uncharm'd;
All pity thus be dry'd from my weak Eyes;
Here will I look my Mothers ſoftneſs off,
And gaze till Southern Fury ſteels my Soul,
Till I am all my Father; till his Form,
All bloody o're from Head to Foot with ſlaughter,
Skims o're my polliſh'd Blade, in frowns to haſte me.
Mach. What mean you, Sir?
Borg. I know not what my ſelf!

Of

Off from my Arms; away. I've oftentimes heard
At Princes Murders, Monſtrous Births forbode;
The Heavens themſelves rain Blood: Why, let it rain!
If my Heart holds her purpoſe, with this hand
I'll ſwell the Purple Deluge. Vengeance! Death and Vengeance.
Exit.

Mach. No, my brave Warrior! 'tis not gone ſo far:
Theſe ſtarts are but the haſty Harbingers
To the ſlow Murder that comes dragging on:
The Miſchief's yet but young, an Infant Fury;
'Tis the firſt brawl of new-born Jealouſie:
But I have *Machiavellian* Magick here
Shall nurſe this Brood of Hell to ſuch perfection,
As ſhall e're long become the Devil's Manhood:
But hark! the Noice approaches, and the Time
Put's me in mind of *Bellamira*'s Letters —— *Exit.*

Enter Borgia, Bellamira, Gandia.

Borg. Furies and Hell! yet e're thou dy'ſt, proud Villain,
Let me demand thee how thou dar'ſt abuſe
My Mercy thus?
Gand. I give thee back the Title;
And have a heart ſo well aſſur'd of Death,
That I diſdain to anſwer.
Borg. Dye then, Traytor!
Bella. Hold, *Borgia*, hold! Hear *Bellamira* ſpeak.
Borg. Confuſion! off: and play not thus with Thunder,
Leſt it ſhould blaſt thee too: Hence, off, I ſay:
Tho thou deſerv'ſt a Fate as ſharp and ſudden,
I will take leiſure in thy death. Be gone.
Bella. Behold, I graſp the Dagger, draw it through
And gaſh my Veins, and tear my Arteries;
I'll fix my hand thus to the wounding Blade
While life will let me hold, and force thee hear me.
Borg. Say'ſt, ha! wilt thou? dar'ſt thou brave me thus?
Thus guilty too; once more forego my Ponyard.
Bella. No: draw it, Cruel; let thy Bloody Deeds
Be ſwifter than thy Threats: I fear thee not;
But thus will wound my ſelf, or quite diſarm thee.
Now you ſhall hear me.
Borg. Is this poſſible?
Ha! *Borgia*! where! where is thy Fury now?
Where thy Revenge? O Woman in perfection!
Thou dazling Mixture of ten thouſand *Circe*'s

In one bright heap cast by some hudling God,
How dar'st thou venture thus? how dar'st thou do this?
Yet heave thy Breasts, pant, breathe, and think on mercy?
Bella. My Acts have shown the care indeed I take
To save my life: No, Prince, not for my own
I would be heard, but for your innocent Brother's,
Palante.
Borg. Ha! *Palante*! Yes, I know thee,
There hangs thy Joy, thy Pulse, thy Breath and Motion,
Blood, life and Soul, thy Darling-Blessing's here,
And more than all the joyes of Heaven hereafter.
O World of Horrour! O Contagion, on
The Day when first I saw thee.
Bella. Would you but hear———
Borg. Come, off, I say! tear thy scarf'd Wound, tear't up,
With these distilling drops; come glut thy Eyes,
Glut 'em with Blood; for *Borgia*'s Blood's thy Joy;
For say———When at the Altar I stood bleeding,
Speak, Tygress, barbarous Wretch, thou she *Palante*,
Did'st thou once ask the occasion of my Wound?
No——I remember thy uneasie Carriage,
How often thou look'st back with longing Eyes!
How oft in secret thou didst curse the Priest,
The tedious length of whose slow Ceremonies
kept thee from flying to *Palante*'s Arms.
Gand. Farewel, my Lord; think *Bellamira* guiltless,
And you shall never see *Palante* more.
Borg. Stay, Sir; come back, I know your Wound's a trouble;
But the reward I mean is worth your waiting.
Here, take him, *Bellamira*; clasp him;
I give him thee, as our Physicians do
Prescribe last Remedies, to save thy life?
I give him thee to save thy gasping Soul,
Which would be damn'd without him; yet observe
There is a Deed that must, that shall be done
Before you laugh and kiss. See here, my Bosom,
Strike, and strike deep, deep as *Palante* burns thee;
For in thy Heart, hot in thy inmost Veins,
I know the curs'd, the too lov'd Traytor lies.
Gand. I do renounce the name, and to the Giver
Retort it with an equal Indignation!
Borg. Retort it! what?
Gand. The name of Traytor.
Borg. Ha!
Provoke me not, lest as I am, unarm'd,

cruſh thee with my Hands, and daſh thee Dead.
Bella. Hold off, and hear me; noble *Borgia*, hear me!
Hear me, my Lord, my Husband, hear me kneeling;
Thou, whom the Heavens have deſtin'd to my Arms,
The conſtant Partner of my niceſt thoughts,
Doom'd to my Bed, whom I muſt learn to love,
And will, unleſs you turn my Heart to Stone.
Borg. Ha!
O! ſuch ſweet words ne're fell from that fair Mouth
Before, nor can I truſt 'em now!
Bella. If you call back
The Vengeance which your impious Vows let ſlip,
I ſwear, thus ſinking on your Feet, I ſwear
Never from this ſad hour, never to ſee,
Nor ſpeak, no, nor (if poſſible) to think
Of poor *Palante* more.
Borg. Go on; go on; I ſwear the Wind is turn'd,
And all thoſe furious and outragious paſſions
Now bend another way.
Bella. I will hereafter,
With ſtricteſt duty, ſerve you as my Lord,
And give you ſigns of ſuch moſt faithful love,
That it ſhall ſeem as if we languiſh'd long,
As if we had been us'd to mingle ſighs,
And from our Cradles interchang'd our Souls;
As if no breach had ever been betwixt us;
As if no cruel Father forc'd the Marriage;
I ſo reſigning as if always yours,
And you ſo mild as if no other proof
But my diſhonour e're could make you angry.
Borg. O my heart's joy! Riſe, *Bellamira*, riſe!
There's nothing left, nothing of rage to fright thee;
Thou haſt new tun'd me, and the trembling ſtrings
Of my touch'd heart dance to the Inſpiration,
As if no harſhneſs, nor no jars had been:
Had theſe ſweet ſounds but met my entrance here,
My ghaſtly fears and cloven jealouſies,
With all the Monſters that made ſick my Brain,
Had fled (ſo ſoft and artful are thy ſtrains,)
Like ſullen Fiends before the Prophets Charms.
Bella. I came, 'tis true, my Lord, to ſee *Palante*,
But thought him on his Death-bed.
Borg. O, no more!
I do intreat thee mention that no more;
All's well; and we have mutually forgiven!
I love thee, *Bellamira*; therefore paſs

This Errour by; yes, for thy self I love thee!
To glut my fancy with thy endless Charms,
And snatch the pleasures of all Woman-kind:
Thy fair Repentance, and thy graceful Vows,
Have turn'd the eagerness of sworn revenge
To furious Wishes for the promis'd Joy.

Enter Orsino.

Gand. O blasting sight! O death to all my hopes!
Life, thou art vile, and I will wait no longer.
Orsin. Ha! Traytor Prince!—why, *Borgia*, does he live,
Who has himself broke all the tyes of blood?
Where is the leud Adult'ress too, my Daughter?
For I will stab 'em in each others Arms.
Borg. Hold! hold *Orsino*! for revenge is now
No more; Thy Daughter is most innocent,
And melts into my Arms. O happy Night!
Not to the weary Pilgrim half so welcome,
When after many a weary bleeding step
With joyful looks he spies his long'd-for Home.
See, see, my Lord, the effects of our Vexation!
Thus comes to the despairing Wretch, the glad
Reprieve: 'Tis Mercy, Mercy at the Block:
Thus the tos's'd Seaman, after boisterous Storms,
Lands on his Country's Breast; thus stands, and gazes,
And runs it o're with many a greedy look;
Then shouts for joy, as I should do, and makes
The Ecchoing Hills and all the Shoars resound.
Orsin. Now Blessings on thy Heart; more Blessings on thee,
Than, on thy Disobedience, Curses. Take him, Girl,
And lay him to thy heart; the warmest Gift
That Nature, or thy Father, can bestow!——
Gand. Farewell, thrice happy Lover! never shall
This Wretch again disturb you. *Bellamira*,
O *Bellamira*—— *Exit.*
Bella. O farewell, for ever!
Borg. Why dost thou weep? and pour into my Wounds
New Oyl to make 'em blaze?
Bella. I've done, my Lord;
Let me but dry my Eyes, and I will wait you,
To Death or to your Bed——
Borg. O ill compar'd!
Be constant *Bellamira* to thy Vows,
So shall we shine, as in the in-most Heav'n;

The

The fixt and brighteſt Stars with ſilent glory,
Where never Storm, nor Lightnings flaſh, nor ſtroak
Of Thunder comes: but if thou fail in ought,
Then ſhall we fall like the caſt Angels down,
Never to riſe again: Therefore I warn thee——

Bell. Fear not, my Lord.

Borg. O! I muſt fear my temper;
But I will purge it off with reſolution,
And with a confidence thou wilt be mine:
For ſhouldſt thou not: Hence *Gorgon* Jealouſie!
Cam'ſt thou uncall'd to ſet me on the Rack?
Be gone, I ſay, ſhe's chaſte, and I defie thee.
O plague me, Heaven! plague me with all the woes
That man can ſuffer: root up my poſſeſſions,
Shipwrack my far-ſought Ballaſt in the Haven;
Fire all my Cities, burn my Dukedoms down,
Let midnight Wolves howl in my Deſart Chambers:
May the Earth yawn; ſhatter the frame of Nature;
Let the rack'd Orbs in Whirlwinds round me move,
But ſave me from the rage of jealous Love. *Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Soft Muſick, with an Epithalamium *to* Borgia *and* Bellamira.

1.

Bluſh not redder than the Morning,
Though the Virgins gave you warning;
Sigh not at the chance befel ye,
Though they ſmile, and dare not tell ye.

2.

Maids, like Turtles, *love the Cooing,*
Bill and murmur in their Wooing.
Thus, like you, they ſtart and tremble,
And their troubl'd joys diſſemble.

3.

Graſp the pleaſure while 'tis coming,
Though your Beauties now are blooming;
Time at laſt your joys will ſever,
And they'l part, they'l part for ever.

Enter Machiavel *and* Adorna.

Mach. SAy'ſt thou, ſo loving?
Adorn. O! he has got ground
Beyond all expectation: Had you ſeen
His graceful manner, when the ſighing Bride
Was laſt night by our Arms given to his Bed;
When after ſhe was laid, quite drown'd in tears,
How, aw'd with trembling, he the Curtains drew,
And kneeling by her Bed-ſide, took her fair hand,
With which ſhe ſtrove to hide her Bluſhes from him,
And ſighing, ſwore upon't,—— if ſo ſhe pleas'd,
If her cold heart refus'd him utterly,
He would forgo his joys, though death enſu'd.
You muſe, my Lord.
Mach. This day attend my Motion:

Soon

Soon as my purpoſe hits, which you muſt watch,
I'll train the Bridegroom near *Palantes* Lodging;
Whence, as you were before by me inſtructed,
You with this Letter (which from all the Pacquets
I choſe, and notably ſuits our deſign)
Shall iſſue forth, and act as I inſpir'd——
Adorn. I fear this buſineſs,
Leſt he ſhould kill me: in this height of fury,
Murder his Brother, or his Innocent Lady.
Mach. I tell thee, though a Whirlwind drove him on,
I'll make him calm. The conſequence of this
Is thine: He drives *Palante* from the Palace,
Who elſe may linger after *Bellamira*;
And then thou know'ſt——
Adorn. I will about it ſtreight.
If I get clear of this, uſe me no more,
For I have ſworn to ceaſe—
Mach. Prithee, be gone—— *Ex.* Adorna.
Uſe me no more: For ſhe has ſworn to ceaſe,
To dip her Lady-finger in new miſchief:
Yes—thou ſhalt ceaſe to live when I have us'd thee,
Poor uſeleſs thing.—But ſee the Bridegrooms here.

Enter Borgia.

My Lord, I give you joy: your motion gives it
Your wondrous gallantry, and ſprightly action.
But has ſhe wholly yielded to your wiſhes,
Without the leaſt reſerve?
Borg. Oh!
I cannot tell thee ought but this, I am happy
Above expreſſion, bleſt beyond all hope;
And ſure ſuch perfect joy cannot laſt long,
Leſt we be Gods. O thou great Chymiſt, Nature,
Who drawſt one ſpirit ſo ſublimely perfect,
Thou mak'ſt a Dreg of all the World beſide.
Mach. Why, this at firſt I told you, but you fear'd,
And puſh'd the bleſſing from you with both hands.
I grant you that ſhe lov'd your Brother firſt;
I know he's young, and handſom, has a Wit
Moſt ſuitable to Womans inclination,
A ſubtle Genius, ſoft and voluble,
That winds with their diſcourſe, and hits the Vein:
'Tis true, you are not of this ſubtle Mould;
But if you have enjoy'd her, 'tis all one,

My life she loves you: so the Act's resolv'd,
Leave them to manage. O ye know 'em not:
Those subtle Creatures, when necessity
Forces compliance, in a case like yours,
Will make the best on't.

Borg. How *Machiavel*, the best on't! Ha! how mean'st thou?

Mach. Why thus; she may, ev'n *Bellamira* may,
Spite of her Fathers will, her Vows in Marriage,
And all her after-Oaths, even in your Arms
Bestow her self upon the Duke of *Gandia*.

Borg. Ha!

Mach. I say not (pardon me!) she does, or will;
But to make good my former argument,
Affirm they may, they can, they will do thus.
As for example: though your *Bellamira*,
Compell'd as all *Rome* knows to this late Marriage,
Admits you to her Bed; you cannot think,
But her *Palante* had been much more welcom.

Borg. Heav'n

Mach. 'Tis likely too her Fancy workt that way
I urg'd before, she took you for *Palante*:
'Tis dark, she sees you not; you are his Brother,
Form'd in one Womb, of the same flesh and blood
Therefore she yields as to foreknown Embraces:
And as you gently draw with trembling arms
Her nicer Beauties to your heaving Breasts;
She shuts her eyes with languishing delight,
And whispers to her heart, it is *Palante*.

Borg. Cease, *Machiavel*; hold, as thou lov'st my life,
I charge thee hold: O, 'tis most true I swear!
Thou know'st the very depth of Woman-kind:
They are what thy Imagination paints 'em,
Charmers and Sorceresses. O, I'll tell thee,
When I the chastest, as I thought her then,
I am sure the sweetest of the Earth, imbrac'd——
'Twas with complainings, *Machiavel*; such tremblings,
I could have sworn her cold as Winter streams,
But oh the horrours thou hast conjur'd up!
Soon as soft sleep had seal'd her melting eyes,
I heard her sigh; for till the morn I wak'd,
Palante. Oh——what have we done, *Palante*?

Mach. By Heav'n, that was too much.

Borg. O much,——much more.
For stealing nearer me; her glowing arm,
Cast o're my Cheek, thrice prest me to her Breast;

Ev'n

Ev'n that coy arm, ſo nicely ſtrange before,
Familiar grew, and circled in my Neck,
With all the freedom of acquainted Love:
And I too piti'd her, and thought that Nature
Work'd her imperfectly; but now I know,
I find, I ſee, it was her hearts deſign,
The black contrivance of her blotted Fancy:
Blood, Blood and Death; thus has ſhe ſet me down,
Through the whole courſe of her polluted nights,
To be her Bawd, her moſt induſtrious Groom,
The Drudge of her damn'd Luſt——*Palante*'s ſtale——

Mach. Are you incens'd indeed? or do you, Sir,
Put on this jealous Fit to make you ſport?
For if ſo ſmall a Spark thus makes you glow,
A little more will blow you into Flame:
Therefore be ſerious in your Anſwer.

Borg. Ha!
Thou know'ſt before my Marriage how I fear'd,
How when my Honour was ingag'd by Vows,
Like Flax my jealous temper caught the Flame,
And ſcarce could all her melting ſorrows quench me.

Mach. I do remember well.

Borg. But now I have enjoy'd her; mark me, *Machiavel*,
If I was Flax before, I am Powder now,
And will fly up in general Conflagration:
For I would chuſe to ſcramble at a Door,
Make my loath'd Meals out of the common Basket,
With Dungeon Villains, wallow in the Stews,
And get my Bread by poyſoning my firm Limbs,
E're paſs an hour with her I have Eſpous'd,
If but in thought conſenting with another.

Mach. I am glad to find the Genius of your Climate
Inflames you thus; my Lord, give me your Hand:
Prepare your Soul, gather your Nobler Spirits,
And bid 'em ſtand to Arms, like Towns beſieg'd,
That muſt receive no Quarter.

Borg. Let me go:
So deep thou threaten'ſt, that I fear ev'n thee;
And from this moment, like the fearful Plant,
Shrink Back my arms from every humane touch:
But ſpeak, I charge thee, ſlip the ſtrugling Thunder,
And foil my Soul.

Mach. This Morning, juſt before you enter'd here,
I ſaw in haſte *Adorna* croſs the Garden,
And as ſhe ran, a Note dropt from her Boſom,

Which

Which I took up, and in it read these words;
Mourn not, my dear Palante, *for the time*
Draws on, when spite of this inhumane Borgia
We will be happy.
Borg. Yes, she shall, she shall;
I'll joyn 'em Breast to Bosom, stab 'em through,
And clinch my Dagger on the other side.
Mach. This, as I oft perus'd in great amazement,
I saw her who had miss'd the Note come back,
And briefly let her know that I had read it;
With Menaces, unless she told me all,
Immediately to carry you the Letter.
Why should I rack you longer? your Chaste Wife
Has with the help of this her Kinswoman
Concluded, on the date of your first absence,
To admit your Brother.
Borg. 'Tis impossible!
'Tis mountainous to Faith; I'll not believe it:
For Hell it self ne're teem'd with such a falshood.

Enter Adorna.

Mach. Ha——as I live, just from *Palante* now,
The private way from his Apartment, see
Their Emissary comes.
Borg. O thou vile Bawd!
Thou Midnight Hag; thou most Contagious Blast,
Which *Bellamira* with a Strumpets breath
Blows to *Palante*, and he back to her:
Whence com'st thou? speak! what bear'st thou? Ha, produce it,
Or I will tear thee Limb from Limb.
Adorn. O Heav'ns!
I am betray'd, undone, for ever ruin'd; and I shall lose my life.
Borg. Thou shalt be safe, I swear thou shalt, if thou confess the truth:
But if thou hide ought from me, I will rack thee,
Till with thy horrid Groans thou wake the Dead.
Adorn. O, my Lord!
I do confess that *Bellamira* sent me;
But sure no harm was in the Letter.
Borg. None,
None at all; Hell knows her Innocence:
But speak——
Adorn. I have, my Lord, confess'd already
All that I know, to my Lord *Machiavel.*
Borg. Thou ly'st, damn'd Wretch! look here, and dare not urge me!

Show

Show me the Anſwer to the Morning Meſſage,
Or I will cut thee to Anatomy,
And ſearch through all thy Veins to find it out.
Adorn. O, ſave my life! behold, my Lord, this Paper:
What it contains, I know not.
Borg. 'Tis his hand.
Mach. Be gone; and on thy life no talk of this.—— *Ex.* Adorna.
Borg. reads. Palante *waits upon your motion.* Death and Devils!
And when you call, he comes; or the long ſleep
Shall huſh him ever.
Daggers! Poyſon! Fire. *Tears the Letter.*
Woe, and ten thouſand horrours on their Souls.
Mach. What now, my Lord?
Borg. Off——or I'll ſtab thee through!
Stab—I could mangle, tear up my own Breaſt,
Drag forth my heart that holds her bleeding Image,
And daſh it in her face.
Mach. Talk no more on't; but do, Sir, do.
Borg. Yes, *Machiavel*, I will——I will do deeds
Grain'd as my wrongs: I will, I will be bloody
As *Pyrrhus*, daub'd in Murder at the Altar;
As *Tullia*, driving through her Fathers Bowels;
As *Cæſars* Butchers in the Capital;
As *Nero* bathing in his Mothers Womb;
With all ſucceeding Tyrants down to ours.
Lords of the Inquiſition, black Contrivers
Of Princes Deaths, and Heads of Maſſacres;
Orſino, *Vitellozzo*, Duke *Gravina*,
Oliverotto too; all, all at once,
Even the whole Race, a Hecatomb to Vengeance.
Mach. Hear me one word.
Borg. Bid the Sea liſten, when the weeping Merchant,
To gorge its ravenous Jaws, hurls all his Wealth,
And ſtands himſelf upon the ſplitting Deck,
For the laſt plunge. No more! let's ruſh together;
For Death rides Poſt.
Mach. Though Death ſhould meet me,
More horrid than you Name, I'd croſs this fury,
This blind, ungovern'd rage: Sir, you ſhall hear me.
Borg. Barr'ſt thou my Vengeance?
Mach. No——I'll further it:
You ſhall have proof ſo plain, the World ſhall ſay,
The Pope himſelf, dear as he loves your Brother,
Shall ſay the ſtroke was juſt. This Night I'll bring you
Into her Chamber, if with ſome pretence

You seem t' absent your self: my Lord, I'll bring you
With a false Key into the Bridal Lodging;
Where you shall see, even with those eyes behold,
And gaze upon their curst incestuous Loves.
Borg. Just reeking from my arms! O thou Adult'ress!
Whose Name to mention, sure would rot my Lungs,
And blister up my Tongue; Insatiate *Scylla!*
Bark'st thou for more? then let the Furies seize thee,
Whose burning Lust damns to the lowest Hell,
Smoaks to the Heav'ns, and sullies all the Stars.
Mach. Compose your looks, smooth down that starting hair,
And dry your eyes, which spite of this distraction,
I see are full, brim-full of gushing tears.
Borg. Had she not fall'n thus, O ten thousand Worlds
Could not have balanc'd her, for Heav'n is in her,
And joys which I must never dream of more;
I weep, 'tis true: But, *Machiavel*, I swear,
They're Tears of Vengeance, drops of liquid fire:
So Marble weeps when Flames surround the Quarry,
And the pil'd Oaks spout forth such scalding Bubbles
Before the general blaze; for that she dies,
Though clinging to the Altar; Guardian Gods,
Though starting from their Shrines, shall not redeem her.
Mach. Pretend to night, nor is it bare pretence;
For, as I hear, the *Sinigallian* Victors
Come on to wait you here: Pretend to her,
To *Bellamira*, you can scarce return
In forty hours.
Borg. I will do what I may.
Mach. Away then.
Borg. Ha! methinks thou dost not share
In my resentment, *Machiavel*, as thou ought'st:
If thou art my Friend, and art indeed concern'd,
Relieve my weari'd fury, bate my Vengeance,
Call up a friendly rage, and curse 'em, *Machiavel*,
Curse these Triumphers o're thy *Borgia*'s ruine.
Mach. Diseases wait 'em: Wherefore should I curse 'em?
If that my Breath were sulph'rous as the Lightning
That murders with a blast; or like the Vapours,
The choaking stench, which those that die of Plagues
Send with their parting groans, then I would curse 'em
With Accents that should poyson from my Tongue,
Deliver'd strongly through my gnashing Teeth;
More harsh, more horrible, and more outragious,
Than Envy in her Cave, or Mad-men in their Dens.

Borg.

Borg. Excellent, *Machiavel*! more, more, to lull me.
Mach. My Tongue ſhould ſtammer in my earneſt words;
My eyes ſhould ſparkle like the beaten Flint.
Borg. This hoary Hair ſhould ſtart, and ſtand an end,
And all thy ſhaking joynts ſhould ſeem to curſe 'em.
Mach. Nay, ſince you urge me, Sir, my heart will break,
Unleſs I curſe 'em! Poyſon be their drink.
Borg. Gall, Gall and Wormwood! Hemlock! Hemlock! quench 'em.
Mach. Their ſweeteſt Shade, a Dell of duskiſh Adders.
Borg. Their faireſt Proſpect, Fields of *Baſilisks*;
Their ſofteſt touch, as ſmart as Vipers Teeth.
Mach. Their Muſick horrid as the hiſs of Dragons,
All the foul terrours of dark-ſeated Hell.
Borg. No more; thou art one piece with me my ſelf:
And now I take a pride in my revenge.
Mach. You bid me ban, and will you bid me ceaſe?
Now, by your wrongs that turn my heart to ſteel,
Well could I curſe away a Winters night,
Though ſtanding naked on a Mountains top,
And think it but a minute ſpent in ſport.
Borg. Thou beſt of Friends! come to my Arms, my Brother:
But the time calls, and Vengeance bids us part;
Henceforth, be thou the Miſtreſs of my Heart. *Ex.*
Mach. Now it grows ripe; the *Orſins*, and *Vitelli*,
Are buri'd by my Wit without a noiſe.
O! 'tis the ſafer courſe, for threats are dang'rous,
But there's no danger in the Execution;
For he that's dead, ne're thinks upon revenge.
Whta, hoa — *Alonzo*!—

Enter Alonzo.

Alonz. Here, my Lord.
Mach. Are the Gloves brought I ſent to the Perfumers?
Alonz. They are.
Mach. Where is *Adorna*?
Alonz. She waits without.
Mach. As you ſee her enter,
Bring me the Gloves: 'Twere eaſie ſtrangling her,
But this is quainter.—O my bright *Adorna*!

Enter Adorna.

With confidence I ſwear the Duke is thine.
Adorn. May I believe it?

Mach. Be judge, thy self, whether I have been idle!
These were a Present from the King of *Spain*,
To the *Popes* Niece; of whom the fond young Duke
Begg'd 'em for thee.
Adorn. Is't possible?
Mach. Stay Madam—we must change
One Present for another. Lend me the Key
To *Bellamira*'s Chamber.
Adorn. For what?
Mach. Nay, if we barter words.
Adorn. Here, here, my Lord.
Now give me the dear Present.
See, see, my Lord, they are emboss'd with Jewels,
And cast so rich an odour, they o'recome me.——
Help me—myLord—O help me—lend your Arm—
The Earth turns round with me! O mercy, Heaven—! *Dies.*
Mach. Remove the Body——
Then haste, and find the Duke of *Gandia* out,
E're he removes, as he intends to night;
Having Commission from the *Pope* to lead
Th' *Italian* Armies: earnestly entreat him,
To honour me by making one last Visit,
Which equally imports him as his life.

Enter Borgia *and* Bellamira.

Borg. Upon the instant, Fairest, I must leave you;
The Lord of *Firmo*, with the Duke your Uncle,
Have taken *Sinigallia* by surprize:
What else, but meeting thy Victorious Kinsmen,
Should draw me from thy Arms? yet thus divided
But for a day or two, methinks I part,
As Souls are sever'd from their warmer Mansions,
To wander in the bleak and desart Air.
O *Bellamira*!
Bell. Why do you sigh, my Lord?
If 'tis your pleasure, let 'em wait you here;
Or if my Presence can dispel these Clouds
That make you sad, I will attend you thither;
For while life lasts I will be all obedience.
Borg. Could'st thou hold there, how might we laugh at Fate!
So kindled both by Love, and by Ambition,
How would I sweep, like Tempests, with a waste
Over all *Italy*, and Crown thee Empress
Here in the Heart of *Rome*——my bright *Angusta*,

But 'tis impoſſible.

Bell. Then you conclude, my Lord, I am not true.

Borg. Why, art thou? Is there ſuch a thing in Nature
As a true Wife? No, *Bellamira*, no——
Thou would'ſt be monſtrous then, ev'n to deriſion:
For the whole Flock of common Wives would whoot thee,
And drive thee, like a Bird, without one Feather
Of thy own kind.

Bell. Once more upon my knees,
In view of all the Hierarchy of Heav'n,
I here atteſt my ſpotleſs Innocence.

Borg. Still *Machiavel*, ſtill let us keep to death
Our Principle, that we are duſt when dead;
For, were there any Hell, or any Devil
But hot enough to make an Exhalation,
Would he not fetch her now? would he not dam her?
I do believe thee guiltleſs: Therefore riſe;
But ſince thou art ſo confidently clear,
Swear *Bellamira*, if I prove thee falſe,
What e're I threat, nay, though I put in act
Thoſe Menaces, thou wilt not call me Tyrant.

Bell. I ſwear by Heav'n I will ſubmit my life
To the ſevereſt ſtroke of your revenge.

Borg. If then I prove thee falſe, O *Bellamira!*
Not that Celeſtial Copy, ev'n thy Face,
Shall ſcape; but I will race the Draught, as if
It ne're had been the pattern of the Gods.

Bell. Act what you pleaſe; but ſpeak no more, my Lord,
For every word's a bolt, and ſtrikes me dead.

Borg. If thou art falſe, and if I prove thee ſo,
That skin of thine, that matchleſs Weſt of Heav'n,
Which ſome more curious Angel caſt about thee,
Will I tear off, though cleaving to the Shrine.

Bell. Speak to him, *Machiavel*! O fatal Marriage!

Borg. If thou doſt play me falſe, think not of mercy;
Thy Father ſhall be burnt before thy eyes.

Bell. O horrid thought!

Borg. Thy Uncles, Brothers, Siſters,
All that have any reliſh of thy blood,
I'll rack to death, and throw their Limbs before thee:
Therefore look to't; beware, if thou art falſe,
I'll take thee unprepar'd, and ſink thy Soul:
Therefore, I ſay again, beware! I've warn'd thee;
Body and Soul, ev'n everlaſting ruine;

For so may Heav'n have mercy upon mine
At my last gasp, as I'll have none on thine.—— *Exit.*
Bell. O 'tis too plain! I am lost, undone for ever.
What, but one Night, ev'n the first Nuptial Night,
So sought, so courted, and so hardly won;
And the next day, nay, the succeeding Morn
To be us'd thus——Let me go, let me go,
For I'll proclaim him through the streets of *Rome*
The Traytor, Monster——O, I could shake the world
With thundring forth my wrongs; Hollow his name
To the resounding Hills? *Borgia*! Traytor *Borgia!*
Methinks that word, that spell, that horrid sound,
That groan of Air should cleave the neighbouring Rocks,
And scare the babling Ecchoes from their Dens.
Mach. Perhaps some busie Slave has whisper'd him
I know not what, that chafes his melancholy
Against your Honour.
Bell. That's impossible!
And I deni'd to admit him to my Bed,
Some seeming cause, some reason for distrust
Might then be given: but the bright Heav'ns know
I had resolv'd to take him for my Lord,
And love him too, or force my inclination,
So subtly had he wrought by deep dissembling
Upon my plain and undiscerning weakness:
But now he's gorg'd, the Monster shews himself,
Appears all Beast, and I must die, he cries.
Ah Cruelty! and all my wretched Race.
Mach. Madam, you know how near a Friendship grows
Betwixt the Duke of *Gandia*, and my self:
After this night you'll never see him more:
Yet, e're he goes, as he to night is order'd,
He will unfold, if you permit him leave,
The only means to save your Fathers life!
Nay, and the lives of all your Family.
Bell. O *Machiavel*! now, where is thy advice?
Had I not reason for my dreadful fears?
My Father dies; and by whose hand but *Borgia*'s?
What shall I do? where shall I go? and whither shall I run?
Ten thousand horrours! O, instruct me, *Machiavel*,
For I grow desperate!
Mach. Admit the Duke of *Gandia*,
This night, for one last conference: your Husband
Cannot return, unless he ride the Wind
In forty hours.——

Bell. Here I am loſt again:
Should he return, and find *Palante* with me,
Whom I have ſworn never to ſee, diſcourſe,
Never to hear of, ſcarce to think of more,
What Mountains then ſhould hide me from his fury?
Yet I ſee him not, my poor old Father,
With all his Children, Brothers, and Relations,
Top, Root and Branches, all muſt be cut down;
Hear, Heav'n, hear! I muſt kneel to thee for ſuccour;
O aid my Vertue, and ſupport my weakneſs:
Methinks I am inſpir'd; ſome Guardian-Spirit
Whiſpers me, ſave, O ſave thy Fathers life!
Bring him then, *Machiavel*, bring the Duke of *Gandia*:
Yet ſtay! methinks I ſee the Tyrant there!
My bloody Husband, with his Ponyard drawn,
Juſt at the Door: Stop, ſtop, the Duke of *Gandia*,
He ſhall not come: Why, then thy Father dies;
O horrid ſtate! weep eyes, and bleed, O heart!
Let Nature burſt with theſe unheard of ſuff'rings!
Forbid him, *Machiavel*; or let him come,
All have their Fate, and I'll expect my Doom. —— *Ex. ſeverally.*

ACT. V. SCENE I.

Enter Machiavel, *and* Alonzo.

Alonz. MY Lord, I have been diligent.
Mach. And always wer't my ſubtle Emiſſary;
My glance of Death, and Lanthorn to my miſchiefs.
Alonz. I met the Duke of *Gandia* at the Head
Of his new Forces, and acquainted him
As you directed; and he'll ſtreight attend you:
But as I whiſper'd him, Duke *Valentine*
With a vaſt Train came up to take his leave,
Being call'd (as Fame reports) to *Sinigallia*:
But had you ſeen the Embraces, heard the Vows
Which *Borgia* ſwore ſhould be inviolable,
And ratifi'd 'em with a parting kiſs.
Mach. 'Tis my own *Borgia*; a very Limb of me;
And when he dies, thou'lt ſee me halt, *Alonzo*.

Enter

Enter Gandia.

My Lord, moſt welcom! *Alonzo*—hence—O Prince!— *Ex.* Alonz.
Was ever Slave ſo careful for his Lord,
That watch'd his Nod, as I have been for you?
Gand. I muſt with ſhame to Death acknowledge it.
But did'ſt thou know, or could'ſt thou gueſs, how near
The loſs of *Bellamira* touches me,
Thou would'ſt forgive me.
Mach. I have excus'd you, Sir:
And for a Witneſs of my faſter Friendſhip,
This night have ſent the Duke to *Sinigallia*,
That you might take your laſt farewel of Love,
And *Bellamira*.
Gand. And has the Cruel Fair conſented to it?
Mach. She has conſented, rather by conſtraint,
Than her own will: I was forc'd to tell her,
How you had ſignifi'd to me, her Father
Was in great hazard: but if ſhe vouchſaf'd
A Viſit, you would ſatisfie her better.

Enter Alonzo.

Gand. Ha! what's this? a ſudden fall of Spirits——
Alonz. My Lord, he's in's Litter muffled up,
In a dark Avenue behind the Palace;
And bid me fly to tell you, *Tarquins* Poppies
Are bound up all together in one Sheaf.
Mach. Haſte thee, and make my anſwer thus—The Time
Calls for their Heads. This Key, my Lord, admits you—
Gand. 'Tis now no time for thanks; but if I live—— *Exit.*
Mach. Why, this is true *Italian*! turning thus
A Key with *Machiavellian* ſlight of hand,
Two Families of the beſt *Southern* Blood,
With the firſt Prince in *Rome*, are quite extinct:
What foggy *Northern* Brain would dream of this?

Borgia *muffled in a Cloak.*

Borg. My *Machiavel*!
Mach. My Prince, my God-like *Borgia*!
Borg. Tell me my Boſom-ſin; am I awake?
Alive? and may I credit this thy Summons?
Mach. No ſooner were you gone, but your Chaſt Wife,

Whom

Whom I imagin'd dead with what you utter'd:
I ſay, this Wife, this heavenly Wife of yours,
Rearing her Head, and wiping her dry Eyes,
Dropping her Chin to make her ſmile more ſcornful,
Cry'd out, Lord *Machiavel*, you ſee, you ſee,
What Things theſe Husbands are, and left the Room.

Borg. Racks, racks, and fire; Caldrons of molten Lead,
How ſhall I torture her?

Mach. Streight, by her walking Pacquet,
She ſignifi'd her pleaſure to the Duke,
Who ſoon approach'd, and with a matchleſs boldneſs
Deſir'd my friendſhip in this private buſineſs:
I ſmil'd, and promis'd that I would not ſee,
Though I beheld *Adorna* let him in;
Whom ſince I poyſon'd, leſt ſhe ſhould betray
The ſecret of your coming.

Borg. By Death and Vengeance
I could turn *Cannibal*, and with my teeth
Tear her alive. But let us talk no more.

Enter D. Michael.

What Hoa, Don *Michael!* when I ſtamp my foot
Againſt the ground, bring forth the Priſoners,
And execute as I ſhall order. *Ex.* Michael.

Mach. Paſs the back way, my Lord; this Door is lock'd,
If that be ſhut too, force it open, while
I ſet a Guard on this: Millions to one,
But when ſhe hears your voice, ſhe'll hide the Duke,
And then deny him boldly to your face.
'Tis like thoſe ſubtle Creatures.

Borg. Dam 'em, Serpents!
What needs this aggravation? Revenge! away— *Exit.*

Mach. Now like a Grey-hound barking in the ſlips,
Death ſtruggles for a looſe; I muſt be gone,
And lurk in Shadows till the Murder's done.
Hark, 'tis doing, the Doors are thunder'd down!
O! for an Earth-quake now to ſwallow all,
All that oppoſe my Tyrant, to the Center.—— *Exit.*

Scene draws: Borgia, Bellamira, *Duke of* Gandia *diſarm'd*. *D.* Michael, *&c.*

Borg. Slave, run you down, and bar the Palace Gates;
Let not a Souldier ſtir on pain of death,

Till

Till I appoint. What's he you have disarm'd?
Haste, drag him forth, and put the Tapers near him:
Lightning and Thunder! Ha! the Duke of *Gandia*!
Rage burn me up; it is not possible:
Woman, O Woman!
Bella. O Heav'ns! O all ye Powers!
Is there not one, one Door for Mercy left?
Borg. Pull off his Robes, and bind him to a Chair;
Ply him with Fire and Wounds——Yes, *Bellamira*,
There is a Flood-gate——but it is of Blood;
A Gate for Mercy wide, as thou hast shown
For Honour, Chastity, and Bridal Vertue.
See here the Sluce I draw, through doors of wounds;
Thy Vows; this sulphurous stench thy Kisses.
Bella. Hold, hold, Tormentors!
Borg. Seize the Furies Arms,
And execute my Orders.
Gand. O unmerciful!
O *Borgia:* when, when shall my Torments end?
Bella. Ha! is it doing? Wretches, Villains, Dogs,
Miscreants, Sons of Hell, and Broods of Darkness!
Gand. Humanity can bear no more. My heart, strike there.
Bella. 'Tis done; O the dark deed is done!
O let me gather all the rage of Woman,
And tell this Tyrant to his Teeth, he is a Villain.
Gand. Mercy, gentle *Borgia*, mercy!
Bella. He gentle; then the Devils themselves have mercy,
O Monster, rocky Villain, Tyger, Hell-hound,
Seize him you Fiends, and Furies dam him, dam him,
May Hell have infinite stories, and this Devil
Be damn'd beneath the bottomless Foundation.
Borg. By Heav'n she weeps: here, dip her Handkerchief,
Dip't in his blood, and bid her dry her eyes.
Bella. O thou Eternal Mover of the Heav'ns,
Where are thy Bolts?
Gand. I go, O *Bellamira*!
Think'st thou, alas, that we shall know each other
In the bright World; I fear we shall not——Oh!
Borgia farewel: Thy Bride is Innocent;
Let *Bellamira* live, and I forgive thee.—— *Dies.*
Bella. He's gone; to Heav'n he's gone, as sure as thou
Shalt sink to Hell, thou Tyrant, double damn'd:
Nay, thou would'st have me rage, and I will rage,
And weep, and rage, and show thee to the World,
Thou Priest, Archbishop, Cardinal, and Duke,

Thou

Thou that haſt run through all Religious Orders,
And with a form of Vertue cloak'd thy horrors!
Thou proper Son of that old curſed Serpent,
Who daubs the holy Chair with blood and Murders:
But ſure the Everlaſting has a Chain
To bind your Charms, and link you both together;
Hells Vicar, and his firſt begotten Devil,
Hotter than *Lucifer* in all his Flames.

Enter Alonzo.

Borg. What, hoa, *Alonzo*! ſtrangle the priſoners,
Orſino! *Vitellozzo*: haſte, I ſay,
Without reply.——
Bella. O ſpare him! ſpare my Father!
And I'll unſay, forſwear all that I have ſaid:
O, I have play'd the Woman now indeed,
A lying, fooliſh, vext, outragious Woman!
To ſet your Wrath againſt the Innocent;
There was a ſeeming cauſe for the Dukes Death
And mine; But, Oh! what has *Orſino* done?
Orſino loves you: Oh, that good old man!
Your Father——For ſo a thouſand times
I've heard you call him, ſeen you kiſs, embrace him!
Therefore he muſt not, cannot dye!
Borg. Alonzo!
Alonz. My Lord!
Borg. Slave, I'll ſtrangle thee [*Strikes him.*
With my own hands! if thou delay'ſt my Vengeance:
Say, Villain, what, not dead?
Alonz. My Lord, they are:
And, if I live, you ſhall repent this blow—— [*Aſide.*
Borg. Go, draw the Curtain; glut her eyes with Death,
And ſtrangle her: my Veins are all on Fire,
And I could wade up to the eyes in blood.
Draw, draw the Curtain.
[Orſin. Vitelloz. *D.* Graviana, Oliverotto, *appear diſguiſed.*
Bella. Gorgon, Meduſa, Horror;
Yet I will ſhoot through Daggers, ruſh through flames
To claſp him in my armes, O wretched *Paul*,
O noble *Orſin*, what quite cold? pale, dead?
And you, dear Images, will you not give
One gaſp of breath, one groan, one laſt farewell?
Horror! Confuſion! and eternal ſhame
Light on thee for this deed: I tell thee, *Borgia*,

I see thee on thy Death-bed, all on Fire,
As if some Hellish poison had inflam'd thee;
I see thee thrown ten Fathom in a Well,
Yet still come up, like *Ætna* belching Flames.
Borg. I hope thou wilt go mad, and propheſie!
Bella. Yes, Tyrant, thus, thus to thy face I brave thee,
And tell thee in deſpite of Threats, e're long
Thou and thy holy Father ſhall be ſeiz'd,
And carry'd to the Everlaſting Goal;
From whence not all your *Spaniſh* Cardinals,
Your Bayliffs in red Liveries, ſhall redeem you——
Borg. Dy in thy propheſie; *Alonzo* end her——
Bella. Thus, on my knees then——And for terror to thee,
Hear my laſt prayer, and mark my dying words.
If I in thought, in word, in private act
Have yielded up this Body to the Armes
Of ought that's Mortal, but inhumane *Borgia*!
Oh thou impartial and moſt awful Judge!
Shut, ſhut thy gates of bliſs againſt my Soul;
But if my tortur'd vertue merits glory,
Pardon my frailties, ſee with what joy
I leave this life, and bring me to perfection. [*She is ſtrangled.*
Borg. What, at her Death! ſhe that believ'd a Heav'n,
And fear'd a Hell, yet to depart a Lyar:
But how know I that ſhe believ'd a Heav'n?
Or why with hopes that in the pangs of Death
I would reprieve her, might ſhe not deny
Her Whoredom to the laſt? But that's unnatural!
What wouldſt thou then? I will no more of this;
It clouds my brain: Hence, *Alonzo*, bear,
Bear the Duke of *Gandia*'s Body to the *Tiber*
In ſome cloſe Chair, tye at his neck a Weight,
And plunge him to the Bottom.
Alonz. My Lord 'tis done. *Ex. Executioners with the Body.*
Borg. I ſwear I have been cruel to my ſelf,
For that I lov'd her, is as true, as ſhe
Is paſt the ſenſe on't: ſhe is cold already——

Enter Machiavel.

Mach. Ha! this is ſtately Miſchief! what, my four Foes
Of *Florence*? But they are dumb. Ha! gazing there,
I like not that——
Borg. Her lips are lovely ſtill;

The

The Buds, tho gather'd, keep their Damask Colour:
Yes, and their odour too! haste, *Machiavel*,
Rush to my aid: I grow in Love with death.
She shall not dye! Run Slaves! fetch hither Spirits,
I will recover her again!

Mach. Again to plague?
To meet again another Duke of *Gandia?*

Borg. Death on that thought: no, let her dye, and rot;
The damn'd Adultress! perish the thoughts of her.
Ha, tell me, come: I will no more of her.
How shall the bodies be dispos'd? I sent
My Brother to the *Tyber.*

Mach. That's a trouble,
I'll find an easier way for these, and her
That sleeps within my Closet. Go, Don *Michael*,
Bury 'em all together in quick Lime;
In some few hours the flesh will be consum'd:
Then burn the bones, and all is dust and ashes.

[*Draw here the Curtains on 'em.*

Borg. I swear this body shall not be consum'd;
I'll have't embalm'd to last a thousand years.
O *Machiavel*! I swear, I know not why,
But with a world of horror on my soul,
With tremblings here, Convulsions of the heart;
As if I heard some God thus whisper to me,
Thou ought'st to grieve for *Bellamira*'s Death.

Mach. My Lord, a very fond and foolish Fancy.

Borg. I say, my Lord, your policy is out:
Furies and Hell! how should you judge of Love,
That never lov'd? Thou hast no taste of Love,
No sense, no relish——why did I trust thee then?
Had any softness dwelt in that lean bosom,
My *Bellamira* now had been alive:
Tho I had cause to kill her, thou hadst none;
To set me on, but honour; jealous honour!
Oh the last night! I tell thee, Pollititian!
When I run o're the vast delight, I curse thee,
And curse my self; nay wish I had been found
Dead in her Armes; But take her, bear her hence:
And thou lov'st me, drive her from my Memory. [*They remove her.*
Tell me my Brothers Murder is discover'd;
That the four Ghosts are up again in arms:
Say any thing to make me mad, and lose
This Melancholly, which will else destroy me.

Mach. I hear the *Pope* has sent to *Sinigallia*

To call you back.

Borg. By Heav'n, I had forgot,
And thou most opportunely has remembred:
You know twelve Cardinals were then created,
That solemn Morn that I receiv'd the *Rose*;
And I will tell thee, half those Fools to morrow,
That bought so high, shall veil their Caps for ever.

Mach. He mends apace; 'tis but another shrug,
And then this Love, this Ague Fit is lost.

Borg. I swear—I'll to the Wars, and ne're return
To *Rome*, till I have brav'd this haughty *French-man*,
That menac'd so of late.

Mach. Why, this is *Borgia*.
Come, come, you must not droop; look up, my Lord;
Methinks I see you Crown'd *Rome*'s Emperour.
No doubt, Sir, but among your glorious Plunder,
You'll find some Woman——

Borg. Ha! no more, I charge thee.
I swear I was at ease, and had forgot her:
Why did'st thou wake me then, to turn me wild,
And rouze the slumbering Orders of my Soul?
To my charm'd Ears no more of Woman tell;
Name not a Woman, and I shall be well.
Like a poor Lunatick that makes his moan,
And for a time beguiles the lookers on;
He reasons well; his eyes their wildness lose,
And vows the Keepers his wrong'd sense abuse:
But if you hit the Cause that hurt his Brain,
Then his teeth gnash, he foams, he shakes his Chain,
His Eye-balls rowl, and he is mad again. *Exeunt.*

Enter one Executioner with a dark Lanthorn, follow'd by another at a distance; they part often, look up and down, and hem to the rest.

1. *Exec.* The Coast is clear, and all the Guards are gone.
2. *Exec.* Hark, hark; what noise was that?
1. *Exec.* The Clock struck three.
2. *Exec.* See, the Moon shines; haste, and call our Fellows.
Hem to 'em; that's the Sign.
1. *Exec.* They come, they come.

Enter four Executioners more; two carry the Body of the Duke of Gandia *in a Chair; the others follow, and scout behind.*

3. *Exec.* So——set him down, and let 'em bear their part,
For I am weary——
4. *Exec.* And so am I: I sweat; but 'tis with fear.
1. *Exec.* Make no more words on't; take him from the Chair.
2. *Exec.* A ghastly sight. The Weight about his Neck
Has bent him almost double: I'll not touch him——.
3. *Exec.* Cowardly Villain——Come, my Princely Master,
The Fishes want their Break-fast.
4. *Exec.* Joyn all together,
And hurl him o're this Wall into the *Tyber*.
2. *Exec.* Fly, fly——I hear a noise: The Guards, the Guards.
3. *Exec.* He lies, he lies; the Coynage of his fears:
Once more, I say, joyn all your hands together.
Remember the Reward, two thousand Crowns
A Man: but for that Milk-sop, I suspect him;
Therefore let's watch our time, decoy him on;
And when this business is a little o're,
Strangle him in some Corner, lest he prate
Of what is done. Now, now's the time, away——

They joyn all together; take him by the Legs and Arms, and hurl him over the Wall into the Tyber: *A noise is heard, as of a Body falling into the Water——They look about once more, then start, take up the Chair, and run out——Scene shuts.*

SCENE II.

Enter Borgia *and* Machiavel.

Mach. Though *Orsini*, the *Vitelli*, and *Colonni*
Are hush'd; the *Spaniard*, and the *French*, no doubt,
Would buy your Friendship at the dearest rate.
Nay, more; I yield you Lord of *Tuscany*,
And Master of such Forces as might march
Against the haughtiest Power of Christendom:
But Prince, forgive me, if I am too free,
Do you remember whence this glory comes,
And how this Golden Fortune is deriv'd?
The Pope——from that rich source these Currents rowl;
And when another Pope succeeds, who knows
But he may strip you bare of all those Honours
Which this has given, and turn you to the World.
Borg. No, *Machiavel*, I am prepar'd for Fate,
Though *Alexander* should expire to night.
First, who is left of all the the Families

I have

I have defac'd, if a new Pope were made,
To say I wrong'd 'em; none that I remember:
'Tis not my way to lop; for then the Tree
May sprout again; but root him, and he lies
Never to bluster. But I will tell thee,
Quite to unhinge that hold, no Pope shall e're
Be fixt in *Rome*, while *Borgia* is alive,
But by this hand. The Gentry are all mine
For ever, gain'd by Presents and Preferments:
The *Spanish* Cardinals are mine devoted,
With all that are conspicuous in the College:
What then can Fortune do? I laugh at her;
Spurn all those Shrines and Altars, which weak Wretches,
Hero's and Fools, devoutly raise to gain her.
Mach. Yet hear me, *Borgia*, hear the oddest story
That ever Melancholly told the World:
This morning, being early in the *Vatican*,
Far in the Library, at the upper end,
Methought I saw two stately Humane Forms,
Lying at distance, wrapt in Linen Shrouds:
Approaching nearer with a stedfast gaze,
As now I look upon the Prince I honour,
I saw the Figure of the Pope your Father
Stretcht on the Floor, pale, ghastly, cold, and dead;
And by his side, with horrour upon horrour,
And double tremblings, saw my Lord, your self,
My very *Cæsar*, like a new-laid Ghost,
Swoln black, and bloated, while your inclos'd eyes,
All blood-shot, fixt on mine their dreadful beams.
Borg. Fumes, fumes, my *Machivel*, the effects of phlegm;
Grosse humors, fumes, which from thy thicker blood
Stream up like vapours from a foggy pool.
Mach. I am apt to think it but a leap of fancy,
A jading of the mind, which, quite tired out
With thoughts eternal toil, strikes from the road:
Yet, as you prize your life, let me conjure you,
Beware *Ascanio*, his long red Coat
Hides a most mortal and inveterate Foe.
Borg. I know him *Machiavel*, and sooth him on,
As he would me. But *Borgia* does assure thee,
That he, that scarlet poisonous Luxury,
With his adherent Brothers, shall this night,
Even in the midst of kisses, Oaths, Embraces,
Burst in the *Vatican*, and shed their Venom.
Mach. Your Father is a Master of his breast,

The occasion gives new life, fresh vigour to him,
Even at the very verge of bottomless death,
He stands and smiles as careless and undaunted,
As wanton swimmers on a Rivers brink
Laugh at the rapid stream.
Borg. Therefore my Friend,
Let us despise this Torrent of the world,
Fortune, I mean, and dam her up with fences,
Banks, bulworks, all the Fortresses, which Vertue,
Resolv'd and man'd like ours, can raise against her;
That if she does ore-flow, she may at least
Bring but half Ruine to our great designs:
That being at last asham'd of her own weakness,
Like a low-bated flood, she may retire
To her own bounds, and we with pride ore-look her.

Enter Don Michael, *and the Butler.*

D. *Mich.* My Lord, your Servant waits as you appointed.
Borg. Are my Provisions come?
Butl. They are, my Lord.
Borg. Do you remember what I gave in charge?
Butl. That none should touch the gilded flask of wine.
Borg. I charge thee none, but such as I shall order.
Don *Michael*, is my Father yet arriv'd?
D. Mich. He is, my Lord, and gone.
Borg. Say'st thou?
D. Mich. When first he enter'd, quite o're-come with heat,
Thirsting, and faint with the hot seasons rage,
He call'd for wine, and tho disswaded from it,
Drank largely, mingled with the Cardinals,
And walk'd, and laugh'd, play'd with *Columbus* Boyes,
Heard their rude Musick, and beheld 'em dance;
When on a sudden starting up, he ask'd
For you, my Lord; bow'd, as his custom is,
With deep humility to all, desir'd 'em
To sit, and so went out —— but with a promise
Of a most quick return——

Scene draws, and discovers a Chair of state under a Canopy, a large Table, with a rich Banquet——and many Candles on't.

Enter Ascanio, Adrian, Enna, Ange, *two Cardinals more.*

Ascan. My Lord, the Vatican Society,

Who

Who were oblig'd to sacrifice this night,
As every looser Genius should inspire,
To Air, and Wine, and warmer Conversation,
Grow dull for want of you: His Holiness
Himself's retir'd——Therefore let us entreat you——
Borg. O my good Lord *Ascanio*, I am born
To be at your Command——My Lords, I wait you.
Sirrah, remember him——I charge thee fill
Of the gilt Flask to him——
Butl. My Lord——I shall.
This Wine is sure the richest of the World,
Because he charges me so strictly of it:
That Cardinal's a Friend, and he must taste it.
Ascan. Lord *Machiavel*, you have been charitable, I thank your love;
Nay, with my life, I thank you——
Mach. My Lord——I wish you would explain your self.
Ascan. It needs not, Sir, for this the meanest know,
The Rabble, base Mechanicks talk of murders:
I saw a sweating Weaver in his Shirt,
Ran puffing with his Shuttle in his hand,
To ask a Neighbour Butcher of the news,
Who with his Knife in's mouth abruptly tells
Orsino's death; yes, and his Daughters too:
Then comes a Taylor with his hair tuck'd back,
Behind his ears, on tiptoes, in his Slippers,
And crys in haste, the Duke of *Gandia*'s murder'd:
Then spits upon his Iron, casts up his eyes,
Threads through the company, as 'twere a Needle,
And vanishes; no more, my Lord, I thank you.
Nay, by my life, but for the Company,
I'd kiss the bottom of your Robe; your Lordships ever:
Your Highness servant: My Lords, let's drink a Health to
His Holiness — But in my heart, I say, the Devil take him.
Borg. Lord *Machiavel*, you are my Guest to night:
Were the Society made up of Gods,
As sure it is of Saints, Spirits above
The common Elevation; yet this man,
I say, my Lords, this Humane Prodigy,
Would not be set to wait, but fixt among 'em,
To dazle with the brightest being here.
Wine there! ——My Lord *Ascanio Sforza*,
Health to all here, and to the general joy—— *Drinks.*
Ascan. Fine work, my Lords, fine work, I say, look to't,
The Duke of *Gandia*'s murder'd.
Adrian. 'Tis the common rumour.

Enna.

Enna. The Pope this morning in the Conſiſtory,
When firſt he heard the News, leapt from his Throne,
Croſſing his Breaſt, and looking up to Heav'n,
He vow'd hereafter moſt ſevere amendment,
As from this time to faſt for forty hours,
And all his life wear next his humble fleſh,
A Shirt of Hair.

Aſcan. A Shirt of Hair! bating *Lucretian* nights:
She'll not endur't; look you, her skin's too tender:
A Shirt of Hair, a very prickling Penance.
Now, by my Holy-dame, meer Letchery:
Don't I know him? Slave, more Wine, I ſay;
Fill up my Glaſs: Come, come, my Lords, 'tis time
To look about us, and reform the Church— *Drinks.*
Prune it, I ſay; or elſe like *Babylon*,
Like *Babels* Whore, 'twill run up all to ſeed.
Hark you, Lord *Ange.*

Ang. My Lord.

Aſcan. My Lord of *Enna* too; we four are
As one Soul: This Pope's a very leud
And wicked Head;——he's never well, but
When he's plotting Murders. Why, look you, Sirs,
If a man cannot ſpeak his mind of
State Affairs,—— but he muſt ſtreight be
Dogg'd by Hell-hounds, Blood-ſuckers, Decoyers,
Raſcals, that watch to throttle him in ſome
By-corner, then quoit him like a Cat into
The River, 'tis very fine: Now, by my Holy-dame,
It may be our turn next——by the Maſs it may;
I ſay, my Lord, it may.—— *The* Indian *Boys dance.*
Ha, my Lords, how do you
Like the motion? Very pretty, very fine.
O brave *Columbus!* More Wine there; a bigger
Glaſs; I'll drink *Columbus*'s health——Now, by my
Holy-dame, I am frolickſome, and will be active.
Ha, my Lords, ha, I learnt at *Paris*, when I was
A Stripling; yet theſe are pretty Children, very fine Boys.—

Enter D. Michael.

D. Mich. My Lord, I grieve to bring you Mortal News,
Which were I ſilent, yet in ſome few minutes
Muſt wound your ears; your Father's dead.

Borg. Hence, Raven,
Thou Boder of the blackeſt deed of Death!

My Lords, this Villain ſays the Pope's dead;
Went he not hence but now, ſound, firm, and healthful,
And promis'd to return?
D. Mich. My Lord, he did:
But 'tis moſt certain, e're he went from hence,
As all our beſt Phyſitians give on Oath,
He was by ſome pernicious Traytor poyſon'd.
Borg. O *Machiavel*, where is our forecaſt now?
My heart miſgives me, and my boſom's hot.
Who miniſtred? who gave my Father Wine?
D. Mich. Your Servant: for when firſt your Father enter'd,
His own Proviſions were not come.
Borg. O Confuſion!
Anſwer me, Villain! ha! fill'd you his Wine?
Butl. My Lord, I did.
Borg. What, from the gilded Flask? why doſt thou tremble?
Horrour conſume thee, gnaw thee, burn thy Entrails,
Wilt thou not ſpeak?
Butl. My Lord, by your ſtrict Charge,
That none ſhould taſte thoſe Flasks but whom you order'd,
I judg'd the Wine moſt Excellent, and gave
Part of it to your Father.——
Borg. O damn'd Dolt!
Curſt, ſenſleſs Dog! Now, *Machiavel*, where are we?
Ha! by the Furies that invade my Breaſt,
And crumble all my Bowels into duſt,
I am caught my ſelf! Speak, tell me, horrid Villain,
Or I will have thee dragg'd in thouſand pieces;
Torn by mad Horſes like the fleſh of Dogs:
Thou gav'ſt me Wine too from the gilded Flasks! ha, Traytor!
Come, double damn thy ſelf, and ſwear thou did'ſt not.
Butl. My Lord—I muſt confeſs I gave the ſame
To you, that was directed for your Friend,
My Lord *Aſcanio*.
Borg. Take thy reward then, which the Devil thou pour'ſt
Into my Breaſt, thus gives thee back again!
O *Machiavel*, O do not look upon me;
I am below thy ſcorn, thus vile caught,
O baſely, baſely ſold by my own wild.
Aſcan. Oh, oh, oh——I have my ſhare on't too, the Devil
Thank you——Fire, fire, fire! oh my Guts—brimſtone
And fire——haſte there——fly for Antidotes.
Borg. None, none on Earth,
I tell thee, Prieſt, can ſave thy rotten Carkaſs;
No Cardinal, lye down, lye down, and roar,

Think

Think on thy Scarlet sins, and fear damnation.
Ascan. Legions of Furies here, Hell is broke loose,
And all the Devils are quarter'd in my Bowels.
Run Slave! and for a last revenge, produce
His mangled Bastard —— that's some pleasure yet.
Borg. O *Machiavel*, thy hand, I am all flames;
Yet thou shalt hear no noise: sit down, my Friend,
Upon the Earth — for there's my Mansion now,
Dust, and no more — and yet methinks 'twas hard
That this Elaborate Scheme of mighty man,
This Parchment, where the Lines of *Roman* greatness
By thee so well were drawn, should by the hand
Of scribling Chance be blotted thus for ever.
Ascan. I burn, I burn, I toste, I roste, and my Guts fry,
They blaze, they snap, they bounce like Squibs
and Crackers: I am all fire ——
Mach. Is't possible that you can bear the pangs
Of violent poyson, thus unmov'd?
Borg. 'Tis little
To one resolv'd: No, let the Coward States-man,
Women, and Priests, whine at the thoughts of death;
For me, whose mind was ever fierce and active,
Death is unwelcom, only for this reason,
Because 'tis an Eternal lazines——

Enter Alonzo, *leading in* Seraphino, *with his Eyes out, and Face cut.*

Mach. I must confess my mind, by what I saw
This morning, and by what has happen'd since,
Is deeply shockt, even from her own Foundation.
Ascan. Bear the blind Bastard to his Father, go,
And bid him laugh —— oh!
Mach. Horrour! new horrour!
My Lord, your Son, by that most bloody Cardinal,
Mangled and blind.
Borg. Why dost thou wonder at it?
'Tis all the work of Chance, and trick of Fortune?
Yet this methinks is horrible indeed.
Come hither Boy ——
Serap. Alas, I hear your voice,
And cannot find the way;
But am like one benighted in a Wood.
Borg. A Wood indeed;
But oh the Brambles there have us'd thee vilely.

Serap. O Father, you are arm'd, and have a Sword;
Will you not, for your *Seraphino*'s ſake,
Cut down thoſe Thorns that prick'd out both my eyes?
I know you will; for you were always kind
And tender of me: oft-times have you held me
Faſt in your Arms, and ſmil'd, and plaid with me;
Though you're a Prince, a very buſie Prince,
And call'd me little Eyes, little indeed,
For now they're out, and all my Face is cut:
Nay, they have ſtarv'd me too.

Borg. Death and horrour!

Serap. Why do you preſs me thus between your Arms,
As if you lov'd me ſtill? I am ſure you cannot.
Pray let me hide my face within your Boſom;
For if you look upon me I ſhall fright you.
O! I've a pain here juſt about my heart!
When, you my Lord, a long time after me
Shall dye, will you not lay my little Bones
By yours? Alas! my pain encreaſes——Oh,—— [*Dies.*

Borg. Revenge thee, Boy! I ask but that from Fate:
And ſee 'tis given me; Through a thouſand wounds,
Thus, horrid Prieſt! purge out thy luſtful blood, [*Stabs* Aſcan.
And Vomit thy black Soul——

Aſcan. Oh! Devil! Devil! Devil—— [*Dies.*

Borg. No, *Machiavel*, 'tis now fit time to rave;
For I am now enrag'd to that degree,
That I will live even in deſpight of Fortune,
Stars! Fates! and all the Juggles of a Heaven.
Hence, bear me, Slaves, and plunge me into *Tyber*,
Deep as I ſunk the Duke of *Candia* down!
Till I have quench't this Hell within my bowels;
Then flay me an Oxe hide and ſwadle me,
Like *Hercules* in the *Nemean* skin.
'Till all my poiſon'd fleſh like bark pills off,
And my bare Trunck ſtands every bruſhing wind!

Enna. Where are our Guards? My Lords, I judg it fit
That *Machiavel* and *Borgia* ſhould be ſeiz'd.

Borg. Seize me! what ſawcy Prieſt durſt ſtart that motion?
Am I not Tyrant here? The Lord of *Rome*?
Does not *France* dread my Frown? and *Spain* adore me?
Who then dares talk of ſeizing me? what, he?
This wag-tail Prieſt, with the black picked Beard,
That ſcowrs the Country round for freckled Wenches?
Or was it you my Lord of *Enna*? Ha!
Death, where's my Majeſty? or vail your Caps,

Or I will trample you beneath my Feet?
You, *Ange*! that could proſtitute your Siſter
To gain a Hat? lye there Lord of St. *Peter*:
You Cardinal *ad Vincula*, you pack of Hell hounds,
That trace me by the blood. On, on I ſay,
On to the brink of Hell: Thence plunge together,
Where, on his Throne, behold the Maſter Devil
With a great pair of glowing horns red hot
To gore you for your lives incontinence,
You Raviſhers, you Virgin pioners,
You Cuckold-makers of the forked World.
Ange. Where are our Guards?
Borg. Hark, I hear 'em coming:
Or is it Dooms-day? Ha — by Hell it is:
And ſee, the Heav'ns, and Earth, and Air are all
On fire: the very Seas, like Moulten-glaſs,
Rowl their bright Waves, and from the ſmoky deep
Caſt up the glaring Dead: The Trumpet ſounds,
And the ſwift Angels skim about the Globe
To ſummon all Mankind. *Rome*, *Rome* is call'd?
Work, work for Hell. Hoa, Satan! *Belzebub!*
Belial, and *Baal* —— Whence this Thunderclap?
They've blown us up with Wild fire in the Air;
And look how the ball'd *Fryers* in Ruſſet-gowns
Croak like old Vultures, how the flutt'ring *Jeſuits*,
In black and white, chatter about the Heav'ns!
Capuchins, *Monks*, with the whole Tribe of Knaves!
Then let me burſt my ſpleen! Look how the Taſſels,
Caps, Hats and Cardinals Coats, and Cowls and Hoods
Are toſt about——the ſport the ſport of winds——
Indulgences, Diſpences, Pardons, Bulls, ſee yonder!
Prieſt, they fly——they're whirld aloft. They fly,
They fly or'e the backſide o'th' world,
Into a Limbo large, and broad, ſince call'd the Paradiſe
Of Fools.
Enna. 'Tis juſt we give him way! this fit of rage
Has waſted him to Death, ſee he breaths ſhort,
The Taper's ſpent, and this is his laſt Blaze.
Borg. Ha! Breath I ſhort? Prelate, thou ly'ſt: my pulſe
Beats with a conſtant fire and ſpritely motion;
The ſtrings of my tough heart as ſtrong as ever:
No——I will live; in ſpight of Fate I'll live
To be the ſcourge of *Rome*: I'll live to act
New miſchiefs, and create new wicked *Popes*,
To ponyard *Heretick* Princes that refuſe

To lay their Necks beneath the holy Slipper.
Murder ſucceſſively two Kings of *France*;
Brittain attempt, though her moſt watchful Angel
Saves the Lov'd Monarch of that happy Iſle,
And turns upon our ſelves the plotted Wound,
That ſinks me to the Earth: yet ſtill wee'll on,
And hatch new deeds of darkneſs: O Hell, and Furies!
Why ſhould we not, ſince the great Head himſelf
VVill back my Plots, joyn me in blood and horror,
And after give me Bond for my Salvation:
I ſwear I will———I'll have it——nay, Sir, you ſhall——
Or I will thunder to your Holineſs:
But hark he whiſpers, what a little Gold———
VVith all my heart: thus Devils buy ſouls for traſh———
I'll fee your itching palm for Abſolution.
Gold for my pardon, hey----'tis ſeal'd and given!
And for a Ducat thus I purchaſe Heav'n——— [*Dies.*

Mach. The mighty ſoul there forc'd her furious paſſage,
And plunges now in deep Eternity———
I ſee, my Lords, you have reſolv'd to guard me,
And I ſubmit to ſtrict Examination:
By you to be acquitted or condemned?
Yet this I muſt avow before you all,
Though you ſhould caſt me to the Inquiſition,
Skill'd as I am in all Affairs of Earth,
Known both to Popes and Kings, and often honor'd
With Cabinet Councils of Imperial Heads;
I here reſolve on this, as my laſt Judgment;
No Power is ſafe, nor no Religion good,
VVhoſe Principles of growth are laid in Blood.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

WELL, then be you his Judges; what pretence
Made them roar out, this Play would give offence?
Had he the Pope's Effigies meant to burn,
And kept for sport his Ashes in an Urn?
To try if Reliques would perform at home
But half those Miracles they do at Rome:
More could not have been said, nor more been done,
To damn this Play about the Court and Town;
Not if he had shown their Philters, Charms and Rage,
Nay conjur'd up Pope Jone *to please the Age,*
And had her Breeches search'd upon the Stage.
First, then he brings a scandal on the Gown,
And makes a Priest both Leacher and Buffoon:
Why, was no Fool, yet ever made a Flamen,
But dulness quite entail'd upon the Lay-men;
Or was it ever heard in Rome *before,*
That any, Priest was question'd for his Whore?
Yet more, the horrid Chair the Mid-night show ——
He says 'twas done two hundred years ago:
He only points their ways of murdering then;
If you must damn, spare the Historian's Pen,
And damn those Rogues that act 'em o're again.

But

But Dominicks, Franciſcans, Hermits, Fryars,
Shall breed no more a Race of zealous Lyars;
Villains, who for Religion's Propagation,
Come here disguis'd in ev'ry mean Vocation,
And ſit in Stalls to ſpy upon the Nation.
Old Emiſſaries ſhall their Trade forbear,
Spread no more Savoy *Reliques, Bones and Hair,*
Shall ſell no more like Baubles in a Fair:
Monks under ground ſhall ceaſe to Earth like Moles,
And Father Lewis *leave his lurking-holes;*
Get no more Thirty Pounds for a blind Story,
Of freeing a Welch *Soul from Purgatory.*
Jeſuits in Rome *ſhall quite forſwear their Function,*
And not for Gold give Whores the Extreme Unction:
High Engliſh *Whores, that have all Vices paſt,*
Shall ceaſe to turn true Catholicks at laſt,
When Poets write, tho by exacteſt Rules,
And are not judg'd by Knaves, and damn'd by Fools.

FINIS.